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### ANGLING.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

uth wind is breathing most sweetly to-day,
e sunshine is veiled in a mantle of gray;
pring rains have passed, and the streams leap along,
swell, are too shrunk, with their sparkle and song.
e season loved by anglers—'tis beautiful June—
ly, then, away to the bright Callikoon!
ow will path through the forest is here,
delicate foot-prints—the trail of the deer;
and above us what splendor of green!
e can scarce pierce the thick branches between;
ghtly this moss-hillock yields to the foot!
gnarled is yon bough, and how twisted that root!
white and pink clusters the laurel hangs out—
the air one deep hum from the bees all about!
the chestnut—'t is gala-day with her—behold!
aves nearly covered with plumage of gold;
far in the depths of the coverts below,
berry-blossoms are scattered like snow.
upward, the thrasher is whistling her lay,
the red-crested woodpecker hammers away;
quail's shrill bugle now swells and now dies,
the caw of the crow echoes hoarse as he flies,
knots of bright butterflies flutter around,
the squirrel seeks, barking, his grot in the ground.
reak from the tree-groups—a glade deep with grass—
wild clover's breath loads the sense as we pass;
arkle—a streak—a broad glitter is seen—
the bright Callikoon—through its thickets of green:
h to the banks its sweet music to hear,
sh, dash and gurgle, all blent to the ear;
adow is there from the cloud-covered sun;
lunge in its crystal—our sport is begun:
ine where that ripple shoots onward we 'll throw,
sweep to the foam-spangled eddy below;
nor—a pull—the trout upward is thrown—
wings to our basket—the prize is our own.
ss the still shallows—a plunge at our side—
he dive of the muskrat, its terror to hide;
mer is heard; spots are darting from sight;
duck with her brood speeding on in affright;
—'t is the water-snipe cleaving the air;
ss the still shallows—our prey is not there.
ere, where the trunk stretches half o'er the brook
the pool slumbers deep in a leaf-shadowed nook;
the eddies are dimpling and circling away,
gently, for here lies the king of our prey.
w still—for if greater the sound meets his ear
he burst of a bubble, we strike him with fear.
cautious his touch of the death-covered bait!
is now trembling; but patiently wait:
—ease your line, yet most gently—'t will bring
credulous victim more sure to his spring—
k, and the angle is bent to its length;
the line from the reel, or 't will break with his strength;
he darts round in foam!—but his vigor is past!
steadily to you—we 'll hang him at last!
up, but beware that wrong struggle and gasp,
the noble-sized creature is filling your grasp;
bright with the water-glow glitters the pride
brown clouded back, red and gold spotted side!
we leave the rich scene of the dead monarch's reign
a dance that moves on to triumph again.
voice of the cascade now burdens the air;
each, for our prey's crowded city is there.
whirlpools, there eddies, here stillness, there foam,
ply well our art, for no farther we roam.
ket soon fills, but our muscles are tired,
sinds in the sky tells that day has expired.
robin has warbled his vespers and flown,
the frog from the creek has commenced his trombone;
ler has ceased his slight furrow to show,
the brown sprawling shrimp seeks the pebbles below.
bank then we clamber, our home-path resume,
the torch-bearing fire fly to lighten the gloom;
the dreams of our sleep-fettered pillow restore
day-sport, distorted but pleasant, once more.
ew York.

From the Token for 1840.

### SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

Grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall
p the body of it ever fair.
*Measure for Measure.*

t is a common saying, that no individual pro by another's experience—there are few, we ve, that profit by their own; few to whom y not be justly applied that striking saying of eridge, that "experience is like the stern ts of a ship, which only illuminate the way t is passed." But, of all the scholars I have known in this ever open school of experi e, my friend, Mrs. Dunbar, is the most un chable. With a fair portion of intellect, with ck observation, and fifty years' acquaint e with the world, she is as trustful, as credu e, and as hopeful, as, when a child, she be ed the rainbow was a rope, of *substantial*, en light, with a golden cup at the end of it; there was a real man standing in the moon, that the sky would, one of these bright days, and we should catch larks. Being of a be olent and equable temperament, her credu has the most happy manifestations. Her h in her fellow creatures is implicit, and her fidence in the happiness of the future un vering; so that, however dark and heavy the ds may be at any given moment, she be ves they are on the point of breaking away. have known but a single exception to the eral and pleasant current of my friend's life. e anxiety and disappointment crossed her, ch even her blessed alchymy could not gild transmute. Her husband lost all his fortune; was not the cross. Mrs. Dunbar said, she no reason why they should not take their on Fortune's wheel; she did not doubt they ld come up again, and if they did not, why, own private fortune was enough to secure m from dependence and want. Her husband ne of her philosophy, or, rather, happy perament; philosophy gets too much credit. had an ambitious spirit, and his ambition had n a direction very common in our cities; an ration after commercial reputation, and the lth and magnificence that follow it. Mr. nbar had mounted to the very top rung of the der, when, alas, it fell! and his possessions hopes were prostrated. A fever seized him the severest hour of disappointment, and the tal and physical pressure killed him. But was not the cross. Mrs. Dunbar loved and ored her husband, without having any pecu sympathy with him. He imparted none of projects to her, and neither interfered with participated in her quiet, every-day pursuits pleasures; so that no harmonious partner p could be dissolved with less shock to the vivor. Mrs. Dunbar, beside the common e solaces, on such occasions, such as, "We st all die"—"Heaven's time is the best time," d a particular and reasonable consolation in ng relieved from the sight of unhappiness that could not remove or mitigate. This was not lfishness, but the necessity of her nature, ich resembled those plants that cannot live less they have sunshine, and plenty of it.

Mrs. Dunbar had one son, Fletcher, a youth of re promise, who was just seventeen at his fa r's death. He most happily combined the racter of his parents—the aspiring and firm ughts of his father, and the bright spirit of mother. His education had been most judi ously directed by his father; and his mother, thout any system or plan whatever, had, by e spontaneous action of her own character, t happily moulded his affections. At seven n, Fletcher Dunbar seemed to me the per ction of a youth;—with a boyish freshness and yfulness, and a manly grace, generosity, and urtesy. Much more attention than is usual our country had been given to the adorn ts of education; but his father, who had all pect to the solid and practical, had taken re that the weightier matters were not sacri ed; and he had a prompt reward. So capa and worthy of trust was Fletcher at his fa r's death, that the mercantile house in which was clerk offered him, on advantageous ms, an agency for six years, in France and ngland. Mrs. Dunbar consented to his de rture. But this parting of the widow from her ly son, her only child, and such a child, was t the cross. "There was nothing like throw a young man, who had his fortune to carve, his own responsibilities," she justly said. Fletcher would get good, and not evil, where er he went. She should hear from him by ery packet, and six years would soon fly ay." And they did, and this brings me to the ry of that drop, that diffused its bitterness through the cup my friend till now had preserved sweet and sparkling.

The six years were gone; six years they had been to Fletcher, of health, prosperity, and virtue. I need say nothing more for a young man, who had been exposed to the temptations of London and Paris. The happy day and evening of his arrival had passed away. Uncles, aunts, and friends had thronged to welcome him, and gone to their homes, and Mrs. Dunbar was left alone with Fletcher and Ellen Fitzhugh.

I have said, that Mrs. Dunbar had but one child; but, if it be possible for the bonds of adoption to be as strong as those of nature, Mrs. Dunbar loved Ellen as if she had been born to her. This instance was enough to prove, that there may be the happiness of a maternal affection without the instinct of nature, of the feeling of property in the object, which more selfish natures than my friend's require. Ellen was the child of a very dear friend of Mrs. Dunbar, who, from a goodly portion of nine daughters, surrendered this, the fairest and best, to what she then deemed a happier destiny than she could in any other way secure for her.

I do not believe Mrs. Dunbar could have told which she loved best, Ellen Fitzhugh or her son; in truth, they were so blended in her mind that they made but one idea. When she saw Ellen, Fletcher was in her imagination; when she thought of Fletcher, Ellen was the present visible type through which her thoughts and affections went out to him.

Now he had returned; they were under the same roof;—Fletcher was three-and-twenty, with a handsome fortune to begin the world with; and Ellen was just eighteen, with

"a countenance, in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Never was there a fitter original for this beautiful description of the poet, than Ellen Fitzhugh; and could there be any thing more natural than Mrs. Dunbar's firm belief, that Fletcher would set right about weaving into an imperishable fabric the golden threads she had been spinning for him?

The first evening had passed away; the old family domestics had received from Fletcher's hand some gift "far fetched," and enriched with the odor of kind remembrance; and Mrs. Dunbar and the young people lingered over the decaying embers, to talk over the thousand particulars that are omitted in the most minute correspondence. "Pray tell me, Fletcher," asked Mrs. Dunbar, "who was that Bessie Elmore, you spoke of so frequently in your last letters?"

"Bessie Elmore! Heaven bless her! She was the daughter of a lady who was excessively kind to me the last time I was in London. She bore a striking resemblance to Ellen, so I called her *cousin*—a pretty title to shelter a flirtation; I should inevitably have lost my heart, but for the presumption of asking her to give up her country."

"Was she very like Ellen?"

"Excessively; her laugh, too, always recalled Ellen's. She was a charming little creature!"

Ellen blushed slightly, and Mrs. Dunbar's happy countenance smiled all over as she said, "Ellen is very English in her looks."

"Yes, aunt, a 'rosy, sturdy little person,' as English Smith used to call me."

"Not too sturdy, Ellen," said Fletcher, "and not too little—just as high as our hearts, mother, is she not?"

"She has always just filled mine," replied the delighted mother, who had already jumped to the conclusion that the affair was as good as settled, and the wedding, and the happy years to follow, floated in rich visions before her. She ventured on one question she was anxious to have settled. "You have no occasion to go abroad again, Fletcher?"

"None. A happy home, in my own country, has long been my 'castle in the air,' and now, thank Heaven, I can give it a terrestial foundation."

"Ellen is not the person to relish this 'taking for granted,'" thought Mrs. Dunbar; Fletcher should be more reserved.

Fletcher soon turned the current of her apprehensions. "Pray," he asked, "what is the reason, Ellen, that you and my mother have so seldom mentioned Matilda Preston in your letters of late?"

"We have seen much less of her than usual the winter past. Matilda cannot

'To a party give up what was meant for mankind.'

I suppose you know she has been a 'bright and particular star' this winter—a belle?"

"Has she? I am sorry for it!"

"So is not Matilda. She enjoys her undisputed reign. She has, to those she chooses to please, captivating manners, and you know she is talented. The beaux, of a score of years standing, declare there has been nothing like her in their time. She is beset with admirers and lovers. She says she is obliged, when she goes to a ball, to keep an ivory tablet under her belt, with a list of her partners. Some wag pasted up on Carroll Place, where the Preston's live, '*Apollo's Court*,' on account of the perpetual serenades there. Poor Rupert Seldon told me, he had thrown away a half year's commissions on bouquets and serenades to her, which, in his own romantic phrase, had 'ended in smoke.' She is said to be engaged."

"Engaged!" Fletcher bit his nails for two or three minutes in deep abstraction, and then added, "To whom is she engaged?"

"Pray don't look so distressed, cousin; I only reported it as an *on dit*—I forgot your flame for Matilda."

"Pshaw, Ellen! but who is the person?"

"The preeminent person at the present moment is Ned Garston."

"Ned Garston! a monkey—impossible!"

"Oh, he is much improved by foreign travel, and, if still a monkey, a romantic monkey, a monkey *en beau*. He has put himself into the hands of some Parisian master of the science of transforming the deformed, and has come forth the *tableau vivant*, copied after a famous picture of some Troubadour in the Louvre."

"What do you mean, Ellen?"

"I mean, that Ned Garston's very pretty, black hair hangs in hyacinthine curls over the collar of his coat—that he wears tresses, like a girl's on each side of his face, and mustachios and whiskers that would befit a grand Sultan. The girls call him the 'Sublime Porte.'"

"And is it possible that Matilda Preston, that gifted, beautiful creature, is going to throw herself away upon this Jackanapes?"

"How wildly you talk, Fletcher!" interposed his mother, "you have not seen Matilda Preston since she was a mere child."

"But a rare child, my dear mother; Matilda Preston, at thirteen, was a fit model for sculpture and painting. She moved like a goddess, and her faculties were worthy such a form. Lord bless me, what a sacrifice?—is it a sacrifice to Mammon, Ellen?"

"Do not insist that the sacrifice is certain."—

"I have no doubt it is his fortune," said Mrs. Dunbar, for the first time, I believe, in her life, turning a scale against an absent person that might have been struck in her favor, "that is to say, fortune and style. Garston has the most showy equipage in the city, and his family, you know, are all in the first fashion."

"The fashion would have more influence with Matilda than fortune, I suspect. You know, aunt, she refused Stanhope Gilmore, who is very rich, and very clever into the bargain."

"But you remember, Ellen, she told us her father would never have consented to her marrying a *Loco Foco*."

"*Loco Foco*! what the mischief is that, mother?"

"Why——the lowest of the people—an agrarian, you know—a Tory."

"What does my mother mean, Ellen? I never heard such a confusing combination of terms."

"You surely know what we mean by Whigs and Tories?"

"Not I."

"Do you never read our newspapers?"

"Very seldom—never the party papers. An American abroad is ashamed of the petty wrangling, virulence, and vulgarity of our political papers. We care only for the honor and prosperity of the country at large. We love our countrymen, by whatever name they are called, and it makes us heartsick to take up one of our popular journals and see it proclaimed, that 'a crisis is at hand!'—that 'the country is on the brink of ruin!' that 'the constitution is in jeopardy!' and can only be saved by a doubtful majority, rallying with all their strength against a corrupt *faction*, about to prostrate the liberties of the country! The only way to keep your temper is never to look into a newspaper. But, pray, can you tell me what are these Loco Foco Tories?"

Poor Mrs. Dunbar never disturbed the serene heaven of her mind with politics. She received a very vague impression from the persons she associated with, and in accordance with this impression, she now replied, "I don't know precisely—I remember my father talking about the Tories in Revolutionary days being the enemies of their country, and I suppose it is just the same now."

Mrs. Dunbar answered in good faith. The changes of the last sixty years, the new formations, and the remodelings; the old parties with new names, and the new parties with old names, still existed in her mind as the ideas originally entered it, as banded Whigs and Tories. Fletcher laughed at her reply and said, "I see, my dear mother, you are just where I left you. The Loco Focos, I take it for granted, Ellen, are the Administration party."

"Yes."

"And Stanhope Gilmore, sprung from the most aristocratic family in the State, is a Loco Foco?" and Matilda Preston's father, of a purely democratic origin, belongs to the aristocratic party?"

"Just so."

"Well, thank Heaven, our party associations may make a great uproar, but they can never have the element of danger while they are so unstable and accidental!"

A ring at the door, and the entrance of a note 'To Miss Fitzhugh,' cut the thread of Fletcher's generalizations. He cast his eye on the note, and exclaimed, "That I am sure is from Matilda Preston though I have not seen her writing for six years. If there is nothing private in it, will you allow me to look at it, Ellen?"

"Certainly, there is nothing private, only such a strange proposition!"

"Read it aloud, please, Fletcher," said Mrs. Dunbar; and Fletcher read as follows:—

"DEAREST ELLEN:—You are engaged to go to Mrs. Reeves's costume ball to-morrow evening. Some tiresome people have been persuading me to appear as Rebecca. Now I am well aware, that, in the article of beauty, I am not fitted to impersonate the lovely Jewess, but I am half inclined to try it, because I can so well arrange a dress for the character. Mamma has a remnant of a last century's dress, a bright yellow India silk, embroidered with silver, that, with my ostrich feather and *agrafe*, will do admirably for the turban. I do not quite comprehend Rebecca's *simarre*, but I think the boddice of my brocade will do as a substitute.

"My note was interrupted by a visit from Madame Salasuar. She offers me her diamonds—*à bas* pride, I'll wear them. They are essential to give the eastern character of magnificence. Then, you know my 'sable tresses,' my 'aquiline nose,' my 'dark complexion,' and my 'Oriental eyes,' as De Ville will call them, will all work in as accessories, to give a *vraisemblance* to the *tableau vivant*.

"Now, my sweetest Ellen, I cannot appear as the Jewess, unless you will accompany me as the Lady Rowena. Pray—pray do not refuse me, why should you?

"Perhaps you think '*l'obscurité convient aux femmes*;' my dear, it will come soon enough when there are kitchens and nurseries for us to supervise—let us buzz a little while in the sunshine first.

"Do you know a possible Ivanhoe among the invited? I do not. My acquaintances are all party-going, unknightly gentry enough. Garston proposes to appear as Brian de Bois-Guilbert!!! The perverse winds and waves! if they had but sent us Fletcher Dunbar!" (Here the reader blushed, smiled, and hesitated. "Read on, my son," said his mother, impatiently, and on he stammered.) "A Palmer's dress, in which you know Ivanhoe first appears, would have been just the thing for Fletcher's advent from foreign land, though the uprooted oak, the device of his shield at the tourney, and the motto, *Desdichado*, (Disinherited,) would have ill fitted Mrs. Dunbar's heir-apparent. It is so intolerably provoking that he has not arrived, when he is probably within a short distance of us. He is so clever and with such a born grace! but perhaps, after all, he might be cross and refuse; therefore, we shall have to do as well as we can without him. You, dearest Ellen, will not refuse me? You will be the 'Queen of Love and Beauty'; I only the poor Jewess, who, you remember, the Prior of Jorvaulx swore was far inferior to the lovely Saxon Rowena."

"Is Matilda Preston out of her head?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar. "A fitting character for you, truly, Ellen, that pumpkin, cold, disagreeable, insipid Rowena. Don't think of it, my dear child."

"I shall not think of it for other reasons, aunt. I cannot conceive any thing more absurd than for me to personate a beauty—a tall beauty, too! born to the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage."

"I see no objection in that my dear child. There are not half a dozen readers of Ivanhoe, who remember whether Rowena was tall or short; and as to beauty, that is, as to what is really engaging and captivating, I am sure"——

"Pray, dear aunt,"——

"The servant is waiting for an answer," said Mrs. Dunbar's maid.

"He shall have it instantly," replied Ellen, taking up her pen.

"Stop one moment, my dear cousin," said Fletcher, laying his hand on hers; "if it is not disagreeable to you, say Yes. I should particularly like surprising Matilda, and joining you at this ball in the way she proposes. I do not see, that, in merely dressing in costume for Rowena, and calling yourself by that name, you arrogate to yourself beauty, and queenship, and all that. Where you make one of a group, the resemblance is a matter of inferior consequence. Matilda's Jewess will be so striking, that she will shelter all our imperfections."

Ellen still hesitated, and looked perplexed, and Fletcher added, "I see it annoys you—it is a sacrifice of your prepossessions—write the note as you at first intended."

The word sacrifice seemed to Ellen to set her reluctance in a ridiculous light, and she felt ashamed of having hesitated, at this moment of Fletcher's return, to accede to a request that involved pleasure to him. "I will write it as I *should* have intended, if I had not been more thoughtful of myself than of others' pleasure. You must make up your mind, aunt, to my doing the Lady Rowena too much honor! Shall I tell Matilda I can find an Ivanhoe, and that we will meet her at Mrs. Reeves's at ten?"

"Thank you, Ellen—yes—but pray don't give a hint of my arrival; let us see, what was the Palmer's dress—do you remember, mother?"

Mrs. Dunbar did not; but, believing and hoping in her heart it would be something so unsuitable as to induce Fletcher to abandon the project, she eagerly sought the first volume of Ivanhoe on the book-shelf, and gave it to him. Fletcher opened at the entrance of the Palmer into Rotherwood. "'A mantle of coarse, black serge,'" he read aloud, "admirable! that is easily got up, and can be easily thrown aside. 'Coarse sandals bound with thongs on his bare feet.' By your leave, Sir Palmer, I shall not meddle with those. 'A broad and shadowy hat, with cockle shells stitched on its brim.' Excellent! 'A long staff shod with iron, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm.' As we are not to tramp to Holy Land, we will omit the shoeing. The branch of palm is the grand point. That can be got from my old friend Thornton."

"And what is Ellen's dress to be?" asked Mrs. Dunbar—"I hope that will not be forgotten."

"My dear mother, forgive me—Ellen was busy with her note—finished and sent is it!—you always execute while others are planning, Ellen. Ah, here is the description; 'Hair between brown and flaxen'—yours has a touch of the auburn—the Saxon red."

"Red!" interposed Mrs. Dunbar, "Ellen's hair red! it has a true golden tinge."

"*Red* gold, mother."

"At any rate, Fletcher, it is not red, flaxen, or brown; I might have remembered Rowena's hair was flaxen—every thing about her was unmeaning."

"'Her hair,'" proceeded Fletcher, "'was braided with gems.'"

"Le Fleur will manage all that," said Mrs. Dunbar, "with my set of pearl." She began to feel a little womanly interest in the getting up of the dress.

"'A golden chain,'" proceeded Fletcher, "'to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck.' That, my dear cousin, you must allow me to manage, that is, if a cross will do in place of a reliquary, and, as they are both symbols of the same religion, I do not see why it will not." He unlocked a very beautiful dressing-case, which he now told Ellen he had brought for her, and took from it a rich gold chain, with an exquisitely wrought cross attached to it. "I brought this prophetically," he said, clasping it round Ellen's neck.

"Would the chain, and not the *cross*, had been prophetic!" thought Mrs. Dunbar, and she heaved a deep sigh.

"The memory of affection is always prophetic, Fletcher," said Ellen; "it links the memory of past to future kindness."

"What, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dunbar; "I don't clearly understand you."

The chain and the cross were too suggestive to Ellen's mind to admit of any very clear explanation. Fletcher's quick eye perceived her embarrassment, and, imputing it to the awkwardness that very commonly attends receiving a gift, he went on with the book. "'Her dress was an under gown and kirtle of pale green silk.'"

"Your new gown is the very thing, Ellen," interrupted Mrs. Dunbar; how fortunate! *green*, your own color."

"Ellen's color the emblem of desertion! mother?"

"No, no indeed, Fletcher; no one who has ever loved Ellen could forsake her."

Fletcher, all unconscious of the feeling that was bubbling up from his mother's heart, easily proceeded in his trying process. "Here is a stumbling block! 'The Lady Rowena wore a long loose crimson robe, manufactured of the finest wool, which reached to the ground.'"

"A stumbling block? by no means, Fletcher; Amanda can convert my India shawl into such a robe without the least injury to it, and I'll answer for it the Lady Rowena's mantle was dowlas to that. Is there any thing else?"

"'A veil of silk interwoven with gold?'"

"My Brussels lace will be just the thing; it is magnificent, and will shelter without concealing."

At another time Ellen's right joyous spirit would have found merriment enough in the project of arraying her little, unobtrusive person in a crimson robe, flowing to the ground, and at the simplicity of good Mrs. Dunbar, in supposing she could carry off any thing 'magnificent.' She had another kind of veil to wear, for the first time in her life, to conceal her feelings, and to assume a cheerfulness she did not feel.

Mrs. Dunbar retired for the night. Ellen, after despatching some trifling house affairs, was following her, when Fletcher, who had been leaning abstractedly on his elbow, said, "Ellen, do not go; I have something to say to you." Ellen turned with a beating and foreboding heart. "Tell me, Ellen, honestly, is it your belief that Matilda Preston is engaged to Garston?"

"I do not believe she is."

"Why are you in such haste? sit down—there, thank you; but do not look as if I had murder to confess—I have only to tell you the weakness and strength of my heart. You know, my dear Ellen—cousin—sister, I should rather call you, for, without any tie of blood, no sister was ever dearer, there is no one but you to whom I can communicate my feelings, projects, and hopes—from whom I can take counsel. To begin, then, when I left America you and Matilda Preston were very intimate. I do not find you so much so now; what is the cause of this alienation?"

"There is no alienation, Fletcher; we are intimate still."

"Affectionately intimate?"

"Matilda is very kind—very affectionate to me."

"And you not so to her? I am sure you never repelled affection with coldness. There must be some reason for this. My mother, too, seems to have a prejudice against Matilda; pray be frank with me, Ellen."

Frankness was Ellen's nature. She was one of the few beings in this world, who are thoroughly and habitually, by nature and by grace, true. For the first time, a cloud had passed over her clear spirit. She began to speak, faltered, began again, and finally said, "It may be more mine than Matilda's fault, that we are less intimate than formerly. Our circumstances, our tastes are different. I think Matilda is much what she was when you left us—that is—that is, a lowing for the difference between a school girl and a belle, Fletcher."

"A belle!—how I hate the term. But how could it be otherwise in a city atmosphere, with Matilda's beauty, talents, and accomplishments? I see she is not quite to your taste, Ellen; I am sorry for it, but this is better than I feared. Now for my confession, in brief. When I left you, I was a reserved boy, neither you nor my mother, probably, ever suspected my predilection, but for two years I had been desperately in love with Matilda Preston. I believed she loved me. We exchanged many a love-token, many a promise. It is true she was a mere child, I a mere boy; but there are such childish loves on record, Ellen. The germ of the fruit is in the unfolding bud. It may, after all, have been, on her part, a little innocent jockey, forgotten long ago; but, if so, I was coxcomb enough to take it in dead earnest. Through my six years of absence I have cherished, lived upon, these remembrances. All my projects, all my successes have blended with the thought of Matilda; and, blessed by Heaven in my enterprise, I have now come home determined to throw myself at her feet, if I find her what memory and a lover's faith painted her." Fletcher fixed his eye on Ellen. Hers fell. "Will you not—can you not, Ellen, give me a 'God speed?'"

The flush on Ellen's cheek faded to a deadly paleness. After a moment's hesitation, she summoned her resolution; and, raising her eye to meet Fletcher's, replied, with a tolerable steady voice, "Do not ask a 'God speed' of me now, Fletcher;—wait till you have seen Matilda, and studied her character, as you ought to study that on which the happiness of your life is to depend; and then, if your ripened judgement confirms your youthful preference, you shall have my"—"God speed," she would have said, but her honest tongue refused to utter the word to which her heart did not answer, and adding, "my earnest wishes—my prayers," she burst into irrepressible tears, and, horror-struck at what she feared was a betrayal of her true feelings she fled, without even a 'good night,' to her own apartment.

The truth did once flash across Fletcher's mind. "It is a phenomenon to see Ellen in tears, save at some touching tale or known grief," he thought; "Ellen, with her ever bright, buoyant spirit—her 'obedient passions, will resigned.' Has my dear, imprudent mother, with her equal fondness for us both, been kindling a spark of tenderness in Ellen's heart?" The thought was no sooner conceived than rejected. There was no latent vanity in Fletcher's mind to please itself with cherishing it. It was happily improbable, and it soon gave place to thick-coming and most pleasant fancies. But one thing discovered another, and Mrs. Dunbar's and Ellen's too evident distrust of Matilda, and will 'study her character,' and abide by the decision of my 'ripened judgment,'" resolved Fletcher. Alas for the judgment of a young man of three-and-twenty as to a talented beauty of nineteen, with the desperate make-weight against it of a long cherished love!

When love takes possession of a mind perfectly sane in other respects, it acts like a monomania. This one idea has an independent existence, a complete ascendency, an absolute rule. The faculties of perception, comparison, judgment, have no power to modify—the will no control over it. An angel, surely, should keep

"Strict charge, and watch that——
No evil thing approach or enter in"

the paradise of the affections.

The trials of the evening were not over for Ellen. It was her invariable custom to undress in Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, and to have a little gossip over the interests of the closing day, and the anticipations of the leaf of life next to be turned, before they parted for the night. This is the hour, that, of all others, unlocks the treasures of the heart. Memory pours out her hoarded stores, and young hope shows by her magic lantern, her visions of the future.

Ellen had often sat with her loving friend over the dying embers, reading and re-reading the passage in Fletcher's letters, where he dwelt on the fond remembrances of home. Every mention of Ellen—and the letters abounded with them—his mother repeated and repeated, and always with an emphasis and smile, that sometimes made Ellen's blood tingle to her fingers' ends. And yet, simple as a child, the good woman never dreamed that she was communicating her faith and hopes, and awakening hopes never to sleep again. This she knew, as a matter of principle and discretion, would not be right; and, while she never said to Ellen, in so many words, "My heart is set on your marrying Fletcher, and I am sure his is, even more than mine," she did not suspect she was conveying this meaning in every look, word and motion. And even now, when the pillars of her 'castle in the air,' were tumbling about her head, she had no apprehension that Ellen would be crushed by them. They were to meet now for the first time, with the most painful feeling to loving and trusting friends, that their hearts must be hidden with impenetrable screens; but such was the transparency of dear Mrs. Dunbar's heart, that, put what she would before it, the disguise melted away in the clear light. To tell the truth, Ellen's was little better; her safety was in the dim sight of the eye to be eluded.

She washed away her tears, called up all the resolution she could muster, and repaired to Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, whom she hoped she might find by this time in bed, and get off with her 'good night kiss;' but, instead of this, she was pacing up and down the room, not a pin removed.

"Dear aunt, not in bed yet?"

"No, my dear child—I did not feel like sleeping the first night, you know, of Fletcher's being here; it's natural to have a good many wakeful thoughts of past times, and so forth." While saying this she had turned her back, and was busying herself at the bureau, the tone of her voice and the frequent use of her handkerchief, conveying the state of her feelings as precisely to Ellen, as her streaming eyes would, had she shown them.

"Now you are at the bureau, aunt, please take out your crimson shawl," said Ellen, luckily hitting on an external object to engage their attention. Mrs. Dunbar fumbled at the drawers long enough to give herself time to clear her voice and dry her eyes, and then, throwing the shawl into Ellen's lap, she said, "You are welcome to that and every thing else I have in the world, God knows, my dear child; but I don't wish you to go to Mrs. Reeves's to-morrow evening—I don't think you will enjoy yourself."

"It's no very rare thing, at a party, not to enjoy one's self, aunt. I shall certainly have the pleasure of obliging Fletcher."

"That's true, Ellen; but then it was not like him to ask you, when he saw it was so disagreeable to you. I don't see why he should set his heart upon this foolish Ivanhoeing."

"But you see *why he does*, aunt." Ellen spoke with a smile, melancholy, in spite of her efforts.

"Yes, I do, I do!" cried Mrs. Dunbar, her tears gushing forth afresh; "I see that Fletcher has the most unexpected, incomprehensible, unreasonable, unfortunate, strange, dreadful, wonderful, and amazing interest in Matilda Preston. I had never so much as thought of it—it's insanity, Ellen—he is as blind as a beetle."

"It is a blindness, aunt, that is not like to be cured by the presence of Matilda Preston."

"That's just what I feel, Ellen. Men are always carried away with beauty. I thought Fletcher was an exception; but he is not, or he would tell the gold from the glittering."

"But, aunt, you do Matilda and Fletcher injustice. She has fine qualities; and, if what you now expect should happen, you will look on Matilda with different eyes."

"Never, Ellen, never in the world—she will always seem to stand between me and—I mean—I can't tell you, Ellen, what I mean. But this I will say, come what will, no one can ever take your place to me—you are the child of my heart—you have grown up at my side—I can never love another daughter; whenever you marry, Ellen, wherever you go, your home shall be my home."

"No, no, aunt," said Ellen, hiding her tearful face on the bosom of her faithful friend, "I shall never marry—*never*." And before Mrs. Dunbar could reply, she gave her good-night kiss and left the room.

"Is it possible she could have understood me?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar. After a little reflection she quieted her apprehensions with a thought that she had a hundred times before spoken just as plainly, and Ellen had not suspected what she meant. She was like the child, who, shutting his own eyes, fancies no one can see him.

When Ellen left Mrs. Dunbar's room, she went mechanically down stairs to perform her last household duty, which was to see that the doors were secured. On the floor, at the street door, she perceived a note; and, on taking it up, saw it was addressed to a Miss Littell, Miss Preston's dress-maker, who lived opposite the Dunbars'. It had been accidentally dropped by Miss Preston's careless servant. It was unsealed, and Ellen, taking it for granted it related to something about the costume for the Reeves party, and that it might be important to have no delay in getting it into the hands of the *artiste*, rang the bell for the servant, intending to send it, though the hour was unseasonable. Diana, Mrs. Dunbar's crippled old cook, called out from the kitchen stairs to Miss Ellen, that "Daniel had just gone up to bed." Daniel, like his pagan mate, Diana, had lived out, and overstayed his lease of three score and ten with kind Mrs. Dunbar; and Ellen, hesitating to call him down, ventured to open the note, to see if it were a matter of any importance. It contained only the following three lines:

"Pray, Miss Littell, if you have any dealings with Mrs. D.'s family, do not mention that you informed me of the arrival of her son.

M. P——."

"I thought so!" exclaimed Ellen, involuntarily.

"What is it, Ellen? What did you think?" asked Fletcher, who, unheard by her, had just come into the open door for something he had left behind.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," said she. He playfully attempted to wrest the note from her hand, till, seeing she anxiously retained it, he desisted, and she returned to her own apartment, where she breathed freely for the first time for many hours, and where she spent a long, sleepless night in expelling from her mind her shattered hopes, and forming her plans for the future.

"Ought I not," she said, in her self-examination, "to have obeyed the first impulse of my heart, and when Fletcher appealed to me, to have told him frankly my opinion of Matilda. After much meditation the response of her conscience was a full acquittal. She had done all that the circumstances of the case and her relations to the parties allowed, in withholding her 'God speed' till Fletcher's ripened judgment should authorise his decision. She reflected, that Matilda's character had seemed to her to have the same radical faults six years before, that it had now, and that, in spite of them, Fletcher loved her then. Perhaps she judged those faults too strictly. Perhaps her judgment was tinged by her self-love; for she was conscious, that, in the points so offensive to her, she was constitutionally the opposite of Matilda Preston. She looked again at Matilda's discrepant notes of that evening, and charitably allowed, that she had at first felt too much displeasure at what struck her as absolutely false, but what, after all, might be an innocent stratagem to get up a dramatic scene, and perhaps to shelter emotions at a first meeting with Fletcher. But oh, Matilda, why *always* a stratagem? Why never let the appearance answer to the reality? Why never trust yourself to simple truth?" Because Matilda was afraid that truth would not serve her so well as she could manage for herself. We have no doubt our friends, the Phrenologists, would, with a very fair intellectual development, have found a great predominance of the organs of self-esteem, love of approbation, and secretiveness on Matilda's head. She had an intense love of admiration, not merely of her personal charms, for her preeminent beauty was settled by universal suffrage, and she had no anxiety about it; but she would be thought, in all her circle of acquaintance, to be the most capable of disinterested friendship, and of self-sacrificing love; her tastes were in favor of all the virtues—she really wished to be amiable and excellent; but the virtues have their price, and they will not abate one jot or title;—that price is self-abasement, self-forgetfulness, and generosity. "Hard it is to climb their steeps;" and they can only be achieved by painful and persevering efforts. At the first real trial appearances vanish like vapor—there is no cheating in the long run in the matter of goodness.

With all Matilda's fine taste, with her susceptibility to opinion, and her eager desire of praise, she was no favorite. Her intense selfishness would penetrate all disguises—her consciousness of herself was always apparent—there was never a spontaneous action, word, or look. In all this she was the very opposite to Ellen, who, most strictly watchful of the inner world, let the outer take care of itself. This gave a freedom and simplicity to her manners, and a straightforwardness to all her dealing, that inspired confidence. Matilda, in the midst of her most brilliant career, had, whenever silent, an expression of care and dissatisfaction—a rigidity and contraction of the upper lip (often criticised as the only imperfection of her beauty) that betrayed the puerile anxieties in which she was involved, the web she was perpetually weaving or ravelling. There is no such tell-tale as the human countenance, or rather, we should say (with more reverence) God has set his seal of truth upon it, and no artifice has ever yet obscured the Divine impression. Ellen Fitzhugh's lovely face was the mirror of truth, cheerfulness, and affection.

"There is no use," thought Ellen, as she pursued the meditations in which we left her, "in trying to conceal my feelings. I cannot—I never did in my life—I must just set to work and overcome them. Dear Mrs. Dunbar, all those sweet fancies that you and I have been so busily weaving, the last six years, must be sacrificed at once and for ever; and I must just learn to think of Fletcher, as I did when a little girl—as a dear, kind brother; that should be—it *shall be*, enough." This resolution was made with many showers of tears, and sanctified with many prayers, ejaculated from the depths of her heart; and once made, she set about, with most characteristic promptness, contriving the means for carrying it into execution.

"In the first place," thought she, "I must have something extraordinary to occupy me, or I shall be constantly, and oh how painfully, watching Fletcher's every look and action; in spite of myself I shall be hoping and fearing. This must not be, for I know how it must all end!" It occurred to her that it was nearly as important to divert Mrs. Dunbar's attention as her own, and a lucky thought came into head. Mrs. Dunbar's physician had been urging her, for some weeks, to have a little wen removed, that was growing in a dangerous neighborhood to her eye. Mrs. Dunbar was timid and procrastinating; but, with Fletcher's aid, Ellen felt sure of persuading her that this was the very best time for the operation. Then she determined at once to put in execution a project she had conceived, of teaching a poor, young blind girl, a pensioner of Mrs. Dunbar's music. Ellen was an accomplished musician; and she certainly was not over sanguine in believing, that the prospect of qualifying a drooping, dependent creature to earn an independent subsistence, would make sunshine for some hours every day.

With these, and other similar plans in her head, which were necessarily deferred till after the Reeves ball, Ellen appeared the next morning with a light and strong heart, and correspondent face, voice, and manner. Oh, if rightly put to the test, what unthought of powers there are in those who every day yield themselves the passive victims to uncontrolable circumstances:

"powers
That touch each other to the quick, in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of."

Ellen talked over with Fletcher, with real interest and unaffected cheerfulness, the arrangements for the evening. If she had put into action all of Talleyrand's diplomacy, she could not so thoroughly have convinced him, that his surmise of the preceding evening was unwarranted. Half of Mrs. Dunbar's griefs were removed by the conviction that her favorite did not share them!

We could fill a volume with the details of the ball, and the circumstances of the following six weeks, and all the developments of character and feeling which came from them; but we must cut down our history to the dimensions of its Procrustes' bed. We must say for our favorite Ellen, that, bating a few inches of stature, she did honor to the character she so reluctantly assumed. Her usually sparkling eyes were languid from the sleeplessness of the preceding night, and her color, which, in heated rooms, was apt to be uncomfortably high, was abated and fluctuating, and her dress, so happily arranged and judiciously modified, that the Saxon beauty, for once, fairly divided the suffrages with the brilliant Rebecca. But with the mere externals ended all resemblance to the truth of the characters. The Palmer, the Christian devotee, had nor eye, nor ear, but for the proscribed Jewess; and Rebecca was all delight at finding, beneath the broad brim of cockle-shells, and the *Simonian*, the contour and air of a very elegant young man, who, she felt assured, had returned no less her ardent lover than the boy she had parted with six years before. She managed her prepared surprise so awkwardly, that Ellen wondered at Fletcher's blindness. He was indeed blind! As to poor Garston, he was so enchanted with himself in the Templar's costume, that he never once dreamed how near he was to a more portentous overthrow than that of his prototype on the field of Ashby de la Zouch.

We must pass over the next six weeks with merely saying, that Ellen executed her plans—that Mrs. Dunbar found, in the complete success of a dreaded operation, a very considerable counteraction to what she still maintained was by far the greatest grief of her life. But it was plain, that even in so selfish grief could her benevolent feelings be merged. She was exceedingly excited with Ellen's marvelous success with her musical pupil, and she had the most eager pleasure, every day, in the result of a subscription Ellen had had set on foot for the yet unpublished book of a poor author, or, rather, a very poor man and good author. We must confess, that Ellen had her hours of conflict, agitation, and despondency, when life was a burden; but even then, though the eclipse seemed total to her, she saw light beyond the shadow. Is there ever total darkness to the good?

Fletcher made her his confidante. This was a pretty severe trial; but she tried to feel, and did feel, in some measure, the sympathy he expected; and she was prepared by degrees for the final communication, that he and Matilda had plighted faith. In spite of her resolutions and efforts she turned excessively pale, and tried in vain to command her voice to speak; but this did not surprise Fletcher. All deep emotions are serious. He had never himself been more so than at this moment of the attainment of the dearest, the long cherished wish of his heart. One hour before, he had felt a pang that he in vain tried to forget, when, while their mutual vows were still warm on their lips, Matilda had left him in haste, lest she should not be the first at the opening of a newly-arrived case of French millinery! He painfully contrasted this with Ellen's emotion—with his own; and a thought arose through the mists of his mind, repressed as soon as perceived, that there were more points of sympathy between him and Ellen Fitzhugh, than he had found with Matilda.

As to poor Mrs. Dunbar, whom Ellen trusted she had quite prepared for the crisis, she took to her bed, upon the first intimation of it, with a head-ache that lasted, unintermitted, as never had head-ache, or *heart-ache*, with her before, for three days. In vain Matilda came to ask her blessing. Mrs. Dunbar was unaffectedly too ill to receive her. "With God's help and time," said the good lady to Ellen, "I will do my duty to Fletcher's wife; but as to seeing Matilda Preston now, that's quite impossible—and as to ever loving her as a child.—'The wind bloweth where it listeth.'" Mrs. Dunbar was no philosopher; her instincts alone had led her to the discovery of the great truth, that our volitions have no power over our affection.

Ellen, now that all was decided, kept her eyes resolutely on the bright side. "I am very sorry aunt," she said, "you did not feel equal to seeing Matilda this morning; I have seen her more brilliant, but never one-half so interesting. Love has given an exaltation to all her feelings—has breathed a soul into her face. There was a gentleness and a deference in her manners to Fletcher, that is quite new to her. She feels his superiority, and it may work wonders on her character."

"Do you think so, Ellen; Well—for Fletcher's sake—God bless him!—I'll hope for the best. I am not an observing person, Ellen; but I have often remarked, that love, like showers from Heaven, is reviving to the thinnest soil, and every thing is fresh, and sweet, and beautiful for a little while; but the flowers soon fade—the grass withers—nature will take a natural course."

"But, aunt," replied Ellen with a smile, "may not grace subdue nature?"

"No, my dear, no; it may help nature on its way, but not change it. I am sure I have tried my best for the last six weeks to put down nature; but it is too strong for me, Ellen." Mrs. Dunbar wiped away a flood of tears and then went on. "Ellen, I have been thinking this was a good time, while we are all so wretched—I mean, while I am—to speak to Fletcher about looking over that private desk of his father's. Will you take it to him, dear? You know I have never looked into it. Before strangers come into the family, it is best to have papers that concern no one but us, disposed of. You need not say that to Fletcher; but I can trust, dearest child, to say nothing to him that appears unfriendly to Matilda; just give him the desk and key." Ellen did so; and, at the first leisure moment, Fletcher sat down to its examination. He found nothing of particular interest till he came to a file of letters, marked, "Correspondence with Selden Fitzhugh." Before transcribing the only two letters of interest to the reader, it is necessary to premise, that the elder Dunbar and Fitzhugh had been intimate from their childhood, and that, after their marriage, the closest friendship united their families. A letter from Fletcher's father to his friend, which seemed to have been written soon after his failure, ran thus:—

"DEAR FITZHUGH:—My ruin is total. The labors, the enterprises, the successes of twenty years are wrecked—nothing remains. I am the victim, in part, of the folly of others, in part, I confess it with shame, of my own grasping. I had competence, I desired riches, and thus it has ended. But the worst is to come, my dear friend. I have made shipwreck of your little fortune, as well as of my own hopes. I have been obliged to give up all my property to satisfy my indorsers, according to the received notion, that debts to them are debts of honor, and I have not wherewith to pay a penny of the thirty thousand dollars you trusted to me without bond, mortgage, or security of any sort. This is the requital of your generous, but too rash friendship?

"Fitzhugh, I am a heart-broken man. My hope and energy are gone. If it were not so, I might promise you a day of restitution—I should expect it myself; but all before me is dark and dreary. Even now I feel as if a fever were drying up the fountains of life. Forgive me—pity me, my dear friend; I curse my own folly. You will not curse me, but, believe me, I would coin my heart's blood to make you restitution. Your miserable friend, F. DUNBAR."

The following answer to Mr. Dunbar's letter was dated at Mr. Fitzhugh's country residence, and written a week later than his.

"DEAR DUNBAR: I am truly sorry for your misfortunes; but my dear fellow, take heart of grace. If you have made a total shipwreck, as you say, why so has many a good fellow before you. The storm will pass—you can fit out again; only don't carry quite so much sail, and take out a clearance for some other port than *El Dorado*. As to my money, believe me, on my honor, after the first surprise and shock were over, the loss has not given me a moment's uneasiness. I would not have put the money at risk for myself, or you, if I had not secured an adequate provision for my good wife, and eight dear little girls, and Ellen into the bargain, if ever she comes home to us. Our wants are moderate, and our supplies sufficient; and, believe me, a few thousand dollars to be added to the inheritance of each of my girls would not make one of our bright hours brighter. They will never hear of the loss, for I have taken care they should not count upon money that I had subjected to the chances of mercantile life. I have been thus particular to tranquilise you, my dear friend. If finally you retrieve your circumstances, you will pay the debt, and all will be well; and, if you never pay it—why it will be just as well. Ever faithfully yours, SELDEN FITZHUGH."

"God bless and reward you, noble, *dear* friend," was an indorsement on the back of this letter, dated two days before Mr. Dunbar's death, and written by himself, evidently in a weak and tremulous hand.

Fletcher had read and re-read the letters, and had sat for half an hour meditating on their contents, when Matilda, who had called, on an appointment with Ellen, opened the door, and, seeing him deep in occupation, was retreating, when he said, "Pray, come in, Matilda; you are the person I most wished to see."

"That, I trust, is not very singular! But what is the matter, Fletcher? Are you making your will?"

"I am thinking over the disposition of my worldly effects," he replied, with a very faint smile. "Will you read these letters, Matilda?"

"Yes; but, for Heaven's sake, don't look so solemn; I should think they are from the dead to the living."

"They are—read them, and tell me what you think of them."

Matilda read his father's while Fletcher perused her countenance with a far deeper interest than she evinced. "I see nothing very particular in this," she said. "Your poor father seems to have taken his failure sadly to heart. I never heard before that Mr. Fitzhugh lost by him. But the Fitzhughs are very well off for the country, and I suppose it did not matter much. Ellen was probably adopted by your mother as an off-set."

"No; my mother never knew any thing of the business."

"No! Oh, I forgot—Ellen has lived here all her life. But why are you so sad, dear Fletcher—there is no use in fretting over past troubles?"

"You have read but one of the letters, Matilda," said Fletcher, coldly, without noticing her last reply.

"So I see; but I was thinking so much more of you than of the letters!" She read Mr. Fitzhugh's. Fletcher's eye was riveted to her face; there was no change of color, no moistening of the eye, the return message of a kindred spirit to a generous action. "How well he took it!" she said in her ordinary tone of voice. "I have often heard your mother say, that Ellen was just like her father, making the best of every thing—'from evil still educing good.'" Matilda saw that Fletcher expected more from her; but what, exactly, she could not divine. "Mr. Fitzhugh's letter must have been a balm to your father's wounded spirit, just at that sad time," she added, and paused again. A servant entered and filled the awkward interval with some good reason why Miss Ellen could not keep her appointment.

"I am not sorry," said Matilda, when the door closed, "for now, dear Fletcher, you will go with me."

"No, Matilda, I cannot."

"But you will," she urged, laying her hand persuasively on his shoulder, and with a look that would have seemed to defy denial. "Come, come away, Fletcher from these musty papers—you will be devoured with blue devils; come, I must go, and I will not go without *you*."

"You must excuse me."

"You are unkind, Fletcher," said Matilda, and her starting tears showed that she could feel keenly. Her pride would not brook any farther entreaty, and she abruptly left the room, not doubting, however, that she should be intercepted, or immediately followed by her penitent lover. But she reached her own home unmolested, and retired to her own apartment, hurt and offended, and resolved, when Fletcher came to his senses, to be unrelenting. There was ring after ring at the street-door, and visiter after visiter was announced; but the only one she cared for came not, and to every one else she was denied. At last the servant brought a note from Fletcher. "There must be something more than one note," thought Matilda, as she broke it open. The current of her feelings was somewhat changed as she read what follows:

"MY DEAREST MATILDA:—Forgive me, I pray you. I have seemed unreasonable and sullen to you, and I have done you in my heart more wrong than I have expressed. That heart is wholly yours, and no feeling it harbors shall ever be hidden from you. The truth was, that I expected the letters would have called forth more feeling than they did. I ought to have reflected (and I have since) that our feelings depend much on our humors—that your mind was preoccupied, and that, having particular interest in the parties, you could not participate the strong and painful sympathy that then thrilled every nerve in my frame. I was wrong, and again, on my knees, I beg you to forgive me! I have bound myself to tell the whole truth; and I must confess, that I expected still more—that I expected you would anticipate the conclusions which of course were instinctive with me; but I should have remembered, my dear Matilda, that women, having no business habits or notions, the duty devolving on me at this moment would not have occurred to you. That duty plainly *is*, to pay my father's debt to the Fitzhughs. There is no legal obligation, but a moral obligation, and an added debt of gratitude that no human law could make more binding, or could invalidate. If I had a family dependent on me, there might be a question; but, situated as I am, there can be none. The debt, with its accumulation of interest, will swallow up nine-tenths of the property I have acquired; but, with the remnant, with rare experience *for three and twenty*, with business talents, and a fair reputation, I shall soon go forward again. That event, which is to be the crowning joy of my life, must be deferred for two years. This is no small trial of my philosophy—of my religion (for I will use the right word;) but, with this bright reward ever in view, no labors, no difficulties will daunt my spirit. Dearest, *dearest* Matilda, forgive me for having for a moment doubted you. It was the first time, I believe, as I believe in all truth, it will be the last."

The following brief note, in pencil, was returned by the servant:

"Come to me at nine this evening. I shall be alone and disengaged then, and not till then. In the mean time, make no disclosures of your intentions to your mother, to Ellen, or to any one."

The interval was one of reposeful confidence to Fletcher, and of that celestial joy that springs from an ability, and an immovable resolution, to perform a right action at a great personal sacrifice. We claim for him no great merit in yielding the money. Any right-minded *young* man, full of health and hope and conscious capacity, might have done this without a pang; but Fletcher was a passionate lover, and he had to encounter the miserable uncertainties of hope deferred.

Let us see how the interval was passed by Matilda. After much agitating self-deliberation, she called her mother to her counsel. Mrs. Preston was the prototype of her daughter, save that what was but in the gristle with the daughter, had hardened into bone with the mother, and save that Matilda, from having had an education very much superior to Mrs. Preston's, had certain standards and theories of virtue in her mind's eye, that had never entered the Mother's field of vision. Matilda, too, from having been all her short life in fashionable society, did not estimate it at so high a rate as her mother, who had paid for every inch of ground she had gained there.

Matilda related her last interview with Fletcher, and showed his note. "Do you believe," said Mrs. Preston, after reading it, "that Fletcher Dunbar will be so absurd as to adhere to this plan?"

"I am sure he will. He is perfectly inflexible when he makes up his mind to what he thinks a duty, however ridiculous it may appear to others."

"Of course, my dear, you are absolved from your engagement."

"If I choose to be."

"If you choose! My dear Matilda, you know how much it was against my wishes that you should form this engagement—that you should give up the most brilliant match in the city for what, at the very best, would be merely a genteel establishment. But the idea of your going into the shade at once, giving up every thing, and living, perhaps, at lodgings, or setting up house-keeping with two servants that you must look after all day, and spend your evenings making your husband's shirts, by a single astral lamp, ride in an omnibus (you might ride in that splendid carriage) and treat yourself, perhaps to one silk gown a year—and all for what? To humor the notions of a young man, who is in no respect, superior to Garston, except that he is rather taller, and has a straighter nose, and darker, larger eyes, not much larger either!"

Mrs. Preston had struck a wrong note. Matilda shrunk back from the path her mother was opening, as the images of her two lovers passed before her.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "there is a horrid difference between them; and if I only could persuade Fletcher to abandon this notion."

"Well, my dear, in my opinion, if he loves you, he will; if he does not, why then you lose nothing and gain every thing. Luckily your engagement is a secret, as yet, and you have taken no irretrievable step. Garston was here this morning—a look could bring him back to you."

"But, mamma, to give up what I have been so long dreaming of?" "Yes, and what every young girl dreams of, and wakes up betimes to pretty dull realities. How should you like, for instance, to wash the breakfast things, and stir up a pudding—to wash and dress your children, and make a bowl of gruel for your dear mamma-in-law?"

"Oh detestable!" Matilda pondered for a few moments, and then said, "I really think, if Fletcher loves me, he will sacrifice his feelings to me. I am sure he owes it to me, after the sacrifice I made to him; I have certainly proved myself disinterested, but I do not like to be treated as if I could be set aside, and wait for the working of any fancy that comes up. I will tell him so—I am resolved. He must take the responsibility of deciding it."

The evening came, and, when the clock struck nine, Fletcher entered Miss Preston's drawing-room, his countenance beaming with the serenity and trustfulness of his heart; but Matilda's first look sent a thrill through it, that was like the snapping of the chords of a musical instrument at the moment it is felt to be in a perfect tune. She advanced toward him, and gave him her hand as usual, and she smiled; but it was a mere muscular movement, the expression was any thing but a smile. Her beautiful face had all the rigidity that a fixed and painful purpose could give to it; but it was a purpose that depended on a contingent, and to that contingent the smile and the responding pressure of her hand were addressed.

Her eyes were red and swollen, and, for the first time, her dress was not elaborately arranged.

She spoke first, "You do not love me, Fletcher!"

"Not love you, Matilda? God only knows how tenderly I love you."

"No, Fletcher, you do not love me—the truth has broken upon me with irresistible proof."

"What do you mean, Matilda? What have you heard? Surely it is not—it cannot be"——

"*It is*, Fletcher. Your note has nullified our engagement. I have judged you by my own heart. I have questioned, examined that, and I am sure that no fancied duty—no *absolute* duty could have forced me—much less persuaded me at its first intimation, to expose the happiness that was just within our grasp to the hazards of time."

Fletcher poured out protestations and prayers, and concluded with assuring Matilda, that, "if she would share with him, at the present moment, his abated fortune, if she would at once risk the uncertainties that he must encounter, he should be a happier and prouder man than all the wealth in the world could make him."

Matilda burst into tears. "It is not right—it is not generous," she said, "to put what you consider a test to me. It is none. You must acquit me of any grovelling care for money. You have but to look six weeks backward to remember, that the first fortune in the city was awaiting my acceptance, and fashion, and brilliant family connexions. I sacrificed all, without a shadow of regret, to you, and now I am thought very lightly of in comparison with a fancied duty."

"A *fancied* duty? Good Heaven!"

"A real duty, then; but so unquestionable, that nine out of ten would pronounce it no duty at all. It is not the money. I care as little for that as you can; but it is the terrible truth you have forced on me—you do not love me."

"Matilda, you wrong yourself—you wrong me."

"Prove it to me, then, Fletcher. Let our relations be what they were yesterday—burn those letters, and forget them."

"Never!" cried Fletcher—indignantly, "so help me God—never."

"Then the tie that bound us is sundered—our engagement is dissolved."

"Amen!" said Fletcher, and he rushed from the house—his mind confused and maddened with broken hopes, disappointed affection, and dissolving delusions.

There is one painful but sure cure for love. The slow-coming, resisted, but irresistible conviction of the unworthiness of the person beloved.

* * * * * *

A little more than two years had passed away, when one bright morning, at the hour of ceremonious visiting, a superb carriage, looking more like a ducal equipage than one befitting a wealthy citizen of a republic, drew up at Mrs. Dunbar's door. The gilded harness was emblazoned with heraldic devices, and a coat of arms was embroidered in gold on the hammer-cloth, and painted on the pannels. The coachman and footman, in fresh and tasteful liveries, were in the dickey, and the proprietor of the equipage (in appearance a very inferior part of it) was seated on the box with a friend. Within the coach was a lady, magnificently dressed in the latest fashion. She seemed

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;"

but she had thwarted the plan—she had extinguished the "angel light"—she had herself closed the gates of Paradise, and voluntarily circumscribed her vision to this world. She had foregone the higher element for which she was destined; but the wings she had folded for ever betrayed by their fluttering her disquietude with the way she had chosen. The face that turned heavenward, would have reflected Heaven, was fixed earthward, and the dark spirits of Discontent and Disappointment brooded over it.

There is a baser traffic going on in this world of ours, than that which the poet immortalised in his history of Faust, carried on under the forms of law, and with holy seal and superscription of marriage.

The lady alighted from the coach and was on the door-step, awaiting her husband. He did not move. The footman had rung the bell, and Mrs. Dunbar's servant stood awaiting the *entrée*

"Are you not going in with me Ned?" she asked.

"Not I—I hate bridal visits."

"Oh, come with me, I entreat you," she said, earnestly.

"It's a bore! I can't. Bob and I will drive round the square, and take you up as we return."

The lady looked vexed and embarrassed; but there seemed no alternative.

"Is there much company in the drawing-room, Daniel?" she asked.

"None, ma'am, Miss Ellen, that is, Mrs. Dunbar, the bride—Miss Ellen that was—don't see company in a regular way, as it were."

"No? I heard she did. I'll leave my card, now."

While she was taking it from her card-case the door opened, and Fletcher Dunbar, with a manner the most frank and unembarrassed, advanced, and offered her his hand. "Pray, Mrs. Garston," he said, "do not turn us off with a card; we are at home, and, like all happy people, most happy to hear congratulations."

Matilda Garston had not been under Mrs. Dunbar's roof since the memorable morning, when she found Fletcher at his father's desk. How changed was life now to all parties!—Fletcher had awakened from the dream of boyhood to a reality of trustful love, to which his "ripened judgment" had set its seal.

Ellen, who had resigned her hope of reigning in Fletcher's heart, was now its elected and enthroned queen. She looked like the embodied spirit of home and domestic love and happiness. The two young women contrasted like the types of the spiritual and material world.

Our good friend, Mrs. Dunbar, was at the acme of her felicity. It would have been in vain for her to try to repress the overflowing of her heart, and try she did not. It sparkled and ran over like a brimming glass of champagne.

"I am truly glad to see you here again, Matilda—Mrs. Garston, I mean," she said; "I really am, my dear. And now we have met, old friends together, I will tell you, that I never had one hard thought, no not one, at your breaking off with Fletcher. It was providential all around. Fine pictures should have fine frames; you, my dear, just fit the one you are set in, and our little Ellen was made to be worn, like a miniature, close to the heart. I used to be a believer in *first love*; now I think, '*second thoughts best*.'"

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.—Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be!—If we would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds to or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

## THE SILK CULTURIST.

### MORUS MULTICAULIS.

Those of our readers, who have an interest in the cultivation of this plant, will be pleased to learn that there is a new prospect of the growers in this country being called on to supply France, the soil from which the tree was originally introduced into this country. This circumstance is fully accounted for by the following remarks on this subject which we copy from the Star:

"*The Tables Turned.*—Recent accounts from Paris and its vicinity state, that so unpropitious has been the season for the crop of morus multicaulis on account of the cold and wet of the late frosts, that the prices have advanced greatly, and there is some prospect that orders may be sent to this country for supplies of our superior trees, as our fine climate and powerful sun cause them to grow far more vigorously, and to make a much more ample development than they do either in France or Italy. In fact, our finest trees, of one year's growth, attain to thrice the height, and have three to four times the number of branches and buds that European trees have. This point is readily accounted for by the fact that the multicaulis is an exotic in Europe as well as here, and is a native of a climate which approximates far more closely to ours than to the humid atmosphere of Europe, where the power of the sun is comparatively feeble.

"The experiments made in Texas have proved that country to be very congenial to the mulberry. The greatest excitement exists there in regard to the silk culture, and immense plantations are about being formed in that fine region. We must begin to look about us, and no longer be so recreant to this all important object as to let our sister-republic leave us in the back ground."—*Herald and Sentinel.*

HENRICO CO. *Va. September 2*, 1839.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WHIG:

*Gentlemen,*—I have been informed, by a respectable source, that it is reported in Richmond that I have abandoned my cocoonery, and given out all idea of making any further attempt to raise silk. This is not so—on the contrary, I have fed about 300,000 silk worms this year, and with as good success as any person perhaps in Europe or America, at least so far as I am informed; and after making the experiment, I am fully satisfied that my land will produce me double as much as it will either in grain or grass. For the information of those busy bodies, I will here take occasion to say, that I am finishing off my cocoonery, and expect to feed two or three millions of worms next year—and if they have sold more trees than they have raised, or wish to purchase, I hope they will not use my *reported* failure as an inducement to the tree growers to take less than their value—for I have been informed that one individual sold his trees at a low price, and gave my failure as his reason for doing so.

CURTIS CARTER.

*From the Journal of the American Silk Society.*

### MULBERRY TREES, EGGS, SILK-WORMS.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass. Aug. 23d, 1839.

Mr. Editor: May I ask what you gentlemen of the South are doing with your cocoons this year? whilst nearly all our factories are at a stand for the want of raw silk: I fear you are permitting the millers to eat out for the production of eggs; why, sir, I hazard nothing in saying, that enough of Silk-worm eggs have been sold this season to have consumed the whole leaf crop of France and Italy, while there are not mulberry trees enough in the country to supply the state of New Jersey for Silk growing—that this is to be a Silk growing country I am sure, and that speedily, but we must commence at the right end, or all will go wrong. First provide food for the worms—an abundance of it, better have a ton too much than too little; with an abundance of food, the feeding of Silk-worms is very agreeable as well as profitable, but with hundreds of thousands of worms half grown, and no leaves, it is misery, and in many cases, leads to discouragement and disgust with the business.

I foresaw the course that things would take, and have been anxious, lest the noble spirit of enterprise that is now abroad in our country should receive a check by the great energies to feed a large number of worms, on the first season of planting the trees,—to overstock the country with mulberry trees will be impossible for many years to come, but it is already vastly overstocked with Silk-worm eggs, and while we are begging the growers to send us their cocoons, we hear of nothing but eggs, eggs. Such a crawling as there will be next season! Poor tians to be thus starved to death, I am sure they would much rather have been baked at once, they would then have been of some service to the country—we should have taken pride in exhibiting the beautiful bales of raw Silk, instead of the thousands of bushels of cocoons, which are now worse than thrown away. For myself, I am compelled to save nearly all my cocoons this year for eggs, as I am prepared to feed one hundred and fifty ounces, the next season, to produce, from five millions of worms, at least *two thousand pounds* of raw Silk, to be reeled fit for any market, and which I could sell a year in advance, were I disposed.

I know there is great want of knowledge on the subject, and I feel so deep an interest in the success of the cause throughout the country, that I am induced to trouble you with this notice, and to urge it upon your readers and all who are about to engage in this noble enterprise, that they do not attempt to feed for the first time, more than five or six thousand worms, that they may study the habits of the worm and ascertain its wants, and my word for it, instead of the feverish anxiety and trouble that many have brought upon themselves for want of knowledge, they will find an increased interest in the subject, and positive attachment to the worms, keeping pace with the growth of the trees, till even those who at first could not look upon a Silk-worm without a shudder, cannot be induced to give them up. It is, indeed, a pleasant employment, and as profitable as it is pleasant. I have devoted nine years to the subject, and my confidence increases with every step I take in the onward course, and I am sure that my interest and exertion to forward the good cause, will cease but with life.

SAMUEL WHITMARSH.

### TREES.

A gentleman of this city who purchased 8000 of the morus multicaulis trees sold at West Philadelphia a few weeks since at public auction, has made sale of 6000 of them at a fair price that pays him $450 over and above the cost of the whole; having now 2000 trees left on hand.

Mr. Moses Tredway of Prince Edward county Va. sold a few days since 10,000 as they stand on the ground, at 50 cents each, taking a farm in exchange. Mr. Thomas E. Scott also sold 400 trees at 75 cents each, cash on delivery.

In relation to trees generally, we may inform our friends at a distance, that the high prices obtained for Mr. Physick's trees have induced many holders to advance theirs, and to make others firmer without advancing. On the other hand, many whose necessities are urgent, are forcing their stock into the market by auction and otherwise, for the purpose of obtaining money. We nevertheless know of various sales in the neighborhood of this city, at 50 cts. per tree, and some farther off as high as 75. The pressure for money is severe beyond all former example; and seeing for ourselves how keen it is, the only wonder with us is that trees sell at all. Money in our market commands from two to three per cent a month; yet the tree growers appear to think buyers will borrow money at that extravagant rate to purchase their trees.

Growers at the south should steadily keep in view one most important fact—their trees are far superior in quality to ours, and hence should command a proportionately better price. The prices obtained with us for the small sized and poorly branched trees of the north, ought not to regulate the prices of the large southern trees. Being better in quality they ought to yield a better price, and cannot fail to do so, unless prematurely forced into market.

We know of several large sales of trees made in this city the present week, by private contract, at excellent prices, much higher than can be obtained at auction. The number sold is nearly 100,000. These sales would be more frequent, but for the disposition manifested by some persons to force off their trees. Our view of the whole subject remains unchanged, and we still believe there is a demand over the country which will take off all the trees at present in it. The scarcity of money may compel many hundreds to defer their purchases until spring; but the demand at that time will only be the more active.—*Morris's Silk Farmer.*

Thomas M. Ambler, Esq. of the county of Fauquier, Va. lately sold $10,000 worth of Multicaulis trees, the produce of less than *half* an acre.—*Warrenton Times.*

At Elizabeth City, N. C. a small lot of common mulberry trees sold lately at $1,25 apiece.

*Multicaulis Trees Travelling West.*—Nearly all the large parcels of the Morus Multicaulis growing in the vicinity of this city, have been purchased for the Western States, and are to take their departure by the canal before it closes, as that is the more economical mode of transportation. This must, of course, disappoint many—as it was supposed these parcels would be disposed of by auction sales—and several parcels were advertised, but have now been withdrawn. The price of the most diminutive trees at the West is 50 to 75 cents each; and those of 3 to 4 feet in height sell readily at a dollar and upward, thereby offering a great inducement on the score of profit these hard times.—*N. Y. Star.*

*Specie.*—Mrs. Keefer, in Carroll co. Maryland, had her pockets robbed of $3000 in gold which she had about her for greater convenience


# Atkinson's Evening Post and Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to S. C. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1839.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

[illegible]

Other letters will not be taken from the Post-office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

[illegible]

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.


Mr. Alva Austin is appointed agent for the S. E. Post at *Lynn*, Mass. in place of J. N. Sanderson, resigned.

R. C. Cake, Esq. has been appointed Postmaster at Swedesborough, New Jersey, in place of G. W. Allen resigned.

### THE MONEY MARKET,

Appears to be as "tight" as ever. No change for a week or two past. United States Bank Stock on Thursday last sold at 109,—Mechanics Bank at 36,—Girard Bank at 20½ for 30 paid,—Wilmington Rail Road at 44,—less prices than have occurred within our recollection. Money is difficult to be obtained on good paper or securities at 2 and 3 per cent a month. The Banks have determined not to suspend specie payments, as their charters would be forfeited, and they could not resume. They will continue to pay specie, but discount but little or nothing, except to renew paper at maturity, cut down. Bank Directors contend that it is better to let merchants and men of business suspend, as they may resume again, and this will be the case with a large number the present month, as the notes of the Spring business become due.

A correspondent who appears to have a high idea of the power of the press, asks us why the newspapers do not advocate the re-issuing of *small notes* of $1, 2 and 3, and cause that useful currency to be resuscitated, as such a measure would have a great tendency to relieve the continued fever about *specie*.

We cordially agree with him as to the utility of the measure but doubt the ability of the press to effect so desirable a consummation. We have always considered the small notes a great convenience, lighter and better for circulation than specie. If the different Legislatures would repeal the State Laws, prohibiting the circulation of small notes, 15 or 20 millions of specie would be sufficient for the change of the whole country, and the Banks would not be so frequently compelled to curtail their business, and scramble for the specie as they do now.

If in addition to this the National Government would borrow 100 millions, and divide it among the States for internal improvement and educational purposes, and charter a strong national bank, which might keep the host of small local money manufacturers in good order, we should have hopes of a speedy return to the good old times of regular and steady business habits.

### MERCANTILE LIBRARY LECTURES.

The first Course of Lectures before the Mercantile Library Association, will be commenced on Friday evening, November 1st, 1839, in the Saloon of the Musical Fund Hall. The Introductory, by the Hon. John Sergeant, to be followed on every succeeding Friday, by one of the following named gentlemen:

Hon. Saml. L. Southard; William M. Meredith, Esq.; Professor Vethake; Hon. Judge Conrad; Rev. John Coleman; David Paul Brown, Esq.; James S. Smith, Esq. Joseph R. Chandler, Esq.; Rev. Thos. H. Stockton; Samuel Rush, Esq.; Rev. Albert Barnes; Job R. Tyson, Esq.; Morton McMichael, Esq.; G. Emerson, M. D.; H. McMurtrie, M. D.

Tickets may be had at the bookstore of Mr. Henry Perkins, adjoining the Bank of the United States.

### ATHENIAN INSTITUTE LECTURES.

The third course of the popular Lectures before the Athenian Institute, will be commenced on Tuesday evening, November 5th, 1831, in the Saloon of the Musical Fund Hall.

The following gentlemen have accepted invitations to Lecture; due notice of their respective evenings will be given.

Rev. Dr. Ludlow; Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq.; Jno. M. Read, Esq.; Dr. John K. Mitchell; Professor Henry Reed; Professor A. D. Bache; Dr. R. M. Patterson; B. Gerhard, Esq.; Rev. Mr. Todd; Dr. C. D. Meigs; Rev. Dr. Bethune; John K. Kane, Esq.; Dr. Jno. Bell; Wm. B. Reed, Esq.; Robert Hare, Jr. Esq.; Dr. Robley Dunglison; Judge Hopkinson.

Tickets for the Course may be had of Mr. Joseph Sill, No. 185 Chesnut street.

### MORUS MULTICAULUS SALE.

We call the attention of our readers to a sale of Morus Multicaulus trees, to take place on the 18th inst. in the borough of West Chester; the particulars and terms of which are detailed in our advertising columns. At the present time, speculators are awake, and those who have money to invest, will do well to attend the sale. Trees may possibly be had in the spring, but those who defer their purchases till then, may expect high prices.

### SALE OF A FARM.

We would call the attention of those who wish to purchase a farm, convenient to the city, to an advertisement in another column. The land is situated in Chester County, about one mile from the Yellow Springs, the property of Michael Sloanaker, deceased, containing one hundred and sixty-six acres.

### MR. VAN BUREN.

The President of the United States, accompanied by the Secretary of War and his lady, were last week at Albany. The Kinderhook Sentinel of Thursday, says, that the President was expected at Kinderhook before the close of the week. He is daily expected to arrive in this city. Our Councils at their last meeting unanimously passed the following resolutions.

Whereas, as it is ascertained that the President of the United States is about to visit the city, and whereas the Chief Magistrate of the republic is entitled to the respect of its citizens; therefore

Resolved, That the Presidents of the Select and Common Councils be requested to tender to the President of the United States, on behalf of the bodies over which they preside, the civilities usual on such occasions; and that the Chairman of the Committee on City Property be directed to place the Hall of Independence at their disposal; which was agreed to.

### DEATH OF GEN. HAYNE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston Patriot of the evening of the 26th September says: "It is with feelings of inexpressible pain we have to state that General ROBERT Y. HAYNE, one whom both the State of South Carolina and the city of Charleston delighted to honor and cherish, with a warmth of affection that never knew abatement, died at Ashville, N. C. on Tuesday last, after a few days' illness, of bilious fever, in the 49th year of his age."

### NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.

The second edition of the Express of Wednesday afternoon, observes: "This is one of the bright days in Wall street. Stocks have gone up for two days past, which is quite a novelty. Money, it is said, is also easier. The British Queen took a little short of eight hundred thousand dollars in specie. This, with what freight she had, gave her a freight list of thirteen hundred pounds."

The New York Commercial [illegible] a complimentary notice of the Chinese Museum, by saying—"In fact you can go to China, by going to Philadelphia.

## LITERARY.

"*Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice,*" *by the author of* "*the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of a Horse*"—2 vols.—Philadelphia—LEA & BLANCHARD.

The two volumes before us are distinguished by their neat typographical appearance, as well as by the *taking* character of their title. They are not, however, as many would suppose, a series of rambling adventures, thrown loosely together, without plot, point, or talent, and only intended to fill out a book. On the contrary they contain a succession of valuable though not very methodical remarks upon the means of obtaining practice, illustrated by various anecdotes, which the author, though anonymous, assures us are drawn from personal observation in the profession of the law. To a lawyer we should think the work highly instructive; to any one it is pleasing, and at times exceedingly interesting.

"*Ecclesiastical Directory, containing a list of the Churches, &c. in the City and County of Philadelphia.*"

Mr. Thomas Porter, 32 south Front street, has published a large map with the above title, which will be useful as a reference, and should be found in every public house. It appears to have been got up with much care.

"*The Ladies Book*" for October, is upon our table, and in addition to the usual embellishments, contains several fine cuts illustrative of the art of horsemanship. The leading paper contains some valuable hints to ladies on the art of riding, and is followed by an exceedingly interesting tale entitled the "The Orphan," from the pen of Mrs. Parsons. On the whole the Ladies Book fully sustains its high reputation.

"*Nicholas Nickleby,*" *No* 18—LEA & BLANCHARD.—Philadelphia.

The adventures of Nicholas increase in interest as the volumes draw to a close. Some of the finest touches from the pen of the author may be found in this number. The death scene of poor Smike is pathetic in the extreme. Some of the finest characters ever drawn by Boz are found in the pages of Nickleby, and those who predicted a falling off in the interest of the papers, have been mistaken for once.

"*The Token and Atlantic Souvenir*" *for* 1840. OTIS, BROADERS, & CO. *Boston.*

The Souvenir which we thus unexpectedly find in new hands, is handsomely got up. It contains a variety of very fine engravings, and articles from pens of high repute. We notice, however, that the contributors, with scarcely an exception, are Yankees. We see the names of Greenville Mellen, Mrs. Seba Smith, Miss Gould, Miss Sedgwick, but none from hereabouts. There appears to be no falling off, however, in the style of the work, the interest of the articles or the beauty of the embellishments.

"*The American Phrenological Journal*" for October is issued. It contains a very fine head, and a short biography of the celebrated Dr. Gaul, with a variety of interesting articles, illustrative of the principles of the science.

"*The Damsel of Darien,*" *by the author of* "*The Yemassee,*" "*Guy Rivers,*" *&c.*—2 vols.—LEA & BLANCHARD.

Our readers will remember that we gave them an extract from this work in our last, which contained an eloquent description of a hurricane. It showed that the author wields a vigorous pen. We have not had time to pay that attention to the work, which would justify an elaborate criticism, but from the passages that we have glanced over, we commend the work to the notice of our readers.

### JOSEPH LANCASTER.

A prospectus has been issued to publish by subscription, *the Life of Joseph Lancaster*, founder of the Lancasterian System of Education.

The memoirs of a man who devoted his whole life to the cause of universal Education, and who regardless of personal interest, persevered with untiring zeal in perfecting and diffusing the benefits of his system, cannot but prove deeply interesting in the present age of the world. Millions of the human family have already been delivered from the power and dominion of ignorance by this "Friend of Man," and his system of education will doubtless extend its benefits to all future generations.

The sale of lands ordered to take place in Burlington, Iowa territory, on the 4th of November, has been postponed until the 9th of March, next. The sale of certain other lands, which was to commence on the 21st inst. has been postponed until the 23d of March, next.

### AMUSEMENTS.

*Philadelphia Museum.*—Monsieur and Madame Canderbeck, with the musical glasses and the accompaniments in the style of the celebrated Paganini or the German harp and violin, constitute the strong attractions at the Museum. Mr. and Mrs Watson have been re-engaged and will give their second grand concert on Monday evening, assisted by Miss Clarence Wells, Mr. Quayle, &c.

*Circus.*—The Mammoth Circus is open at the Corner of Filbert and Broad streets, under the direction of Messrs Fogg & Stickney, with splendid equestrian entertainments.

### MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

WEST POINT, GA. September 18th.—An occurrence, which resulted in the death of four men, citizens of the adjoining county of Chambers, in the state of Alabama, was detailed to us yesterday; and from the respectability of the source we have no doubt of its truth. We have not been able to obtain the names of the sufferers.

It appears that a well in the neighborhood of Standing Rock, in the county above mentioned, having failed to yield its usual supply of water, the owner determined to have it cleaned out. A person was let down by the well bucket and rope, but showed no signs of action when at the bottom—he was called to, but did not answer. A second proposed to go down and ascertain what was the matter, and he also, as soon as he arrived at the bottom, became supine and *silent*. A third proposed to go down, with the understanding that he was to be drawn up as soon as he called out, the persons present then suspecting for the first time that there was some mephytic gas at the bottom of the well. He went down, but it was only to join his unfortunate companions. When he got nearly to the foot of the well, he called to be drawn up; but when about half way up, he fell from the bucket! A fourth then proposed that he should be lashed fast, and he would descend, with the understanding also that he should be hauled up as soon as he called out. He had descended but little more than half way when he gave the word; they drew him up quickly, but had barely time to unlash him before life was extinct. The other three were then got out of the well with grapples, but none of them showed the least signs of life—the vital spark was forever extinguished! This melancholy catastrophe happened on Thursday, and the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were all consigned to the grave on Friday last.

Thus have four human lives been destroyed, and their spirits hastened to eternity, for the want of a small share of caution. A well should never be descended, when there is the least haze or appearance of vapor within it, without first trying it by introducing therein a lighted candle or torch; if the light will continue to burn, there is no danger, but if it is extinguished in its descent, or as soon as it arrives at the bottom, the utmost caution should be observed in descending.

### ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Shun the despicable character of a political brawler. But let nothing, except bed-ridden, prevent you from exercising that inestimable privilege, the elective franchise. Never disgrace yourself by an absence from the polls, under the unjustifiable, fallacious plea, that your single vote is of no consequence. Some of the most important measures of legislative bodies, here and elsewhere, have been carried by majorities of one, two or three.

The vote on the abdication of James II. and the elevation of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain, was carried by a *majority of two*—51 to 49!!! Let this be an unceasing warning to you of the importance of a vote or two. Never have to reproach yourself, that a profligate man has been elected, or a bad measure adopted, through your absence from this sacred duty.—*Mathew Carey.*

### HORRIBLE TRAGEDY!

Our usually quiet city was thrown into great commotion on Monday last by the intelligence that Mr. Wood, confectioner, in Chesnut near 6th streets, had shot his amiable and lovely daughter. We repaired to the spot, and found the rumor but too true. It appears from the facts elicited, that the young lady had been for a long time receiving the addresses of a young man by the name of Peak, a boot maker, in Sixth street near Chesnut. His attentions, however, were privately paid, as Wood objected to him on the ground of a want of moral character. Peak, however continued his addresses, watching the opportunity when Wood left the store to enter and converse with the object of his affections. On the fifteenth of September they were privately married, and resolved to conceal the circumstance from her father until they could prudently disclose their relation to each other. On Friday last, the 27th, a disclosure took place, which occasioned the manifestation of a temper so violent on the part of the father, that she was obliged to flee her home, which she did by ascending to the trap-door, and passing out upon the roof, crossing the adjoining house of Mr. Cook, to the dwelling and store of Mr. Kerr, through whose premises she made her egress into the street, and threw herself upon the protection of her husband, who took board for her at Mrs. Cole's, corner of Sixth and Minor streets. A committee of the friends of the various parties attempted on Saturday last to bring about a reconciliation, and so far succeeded, as they thought, to induce the daughter to return to her father's house. The whole of Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the establishment of Wood was kept closed by his orders, and crape hung to the door, as if a terrible calamity had happened to the family. The reconciliation between the unfortunate victim and her mother appears to have been complete, but during Sunday, Wood treated her with a marked coldness, had the back gate locked to prevent her escape, and seemed determined to detain her from her husband. On Monday morning Peak called at the residence of Wood for the purpose of claiming his wife, and if possible to effect a reconciliation, determining, however, to obtain his wife by legal means, if no other could prevail. About ten o'clock the report of the pistol was heard from one of the upper rooms, and a crowd of several hundred people were instantly attracted to the spot. It was ascertained that Mrs. Peak had been shot by her father, the ball having entered the right eye near the nose, passed through the head, carrying with it a portion of the brain. She lived nearly an hour, but did not speak a word.

Joseph Seymour, a waiter in the establishment, who was the first to reach the room after the report of the pistol testified before the Mayor, and Mr. Barton, the Attorney General, that he was in the kitchen, in the lower or basement story, when he heard the report of the pistol;—that he immediately hastened to the third story and that there, in the back room, he discovered Mrs. Peak lying on her face on the floor—her head covered with blood—a pair of pistols lying near her feet and Mr. Wood standing a few feet off, looking at her;—that Wood immediately declared to him that it was he who fired the pistol. Similar declarations were made by Mr. Wood to Mr. Barton and the sheriff's officers. He also avowed that the deed was perfectly justifiable, and begged that he might be placed in the same coffin with his daughter. He was removed to an adjoining room and detained there by direction of the Attorney General, until such time as the physician could be of opinion that it would be proper to remove him, he being in a state of apparent phrenzy, and the impression being first entertained that he had taken poison. During his phrenzied state, he poured forth many imprecations on the head of Peak, who, he declared, had stolen his daughter and driven him to distraction.

It was not thought proper at the time to convey Wood to the Mayor's office for examination, in consequence of the immense assemblage that thronged the street in front, as well as in rear of the house. An examination was accordingly held in the house, which resulted in Wood's being committed by Mayor Roach to Moyamensing, for a further hearing at some future time.

Wood stated to Mayor Roach and Mr. Barton that about ten minutes before firing the pistol he had taken three glasses of brandy, that he had then gone into the room where his daughter was sitting on a chair in the corner; that he had placed the pistol immediately to her head and fired. Three pistols were found in the room with the body,—the one which he had just discharged and two others.

When removed to Moyamensing, Wood was considerably intoxicated; although the impression is that he had been several days, or since the discovery of his daughter's marriage, of unsound mind.

Mr. Wood is an Englishman, and has resided in this country above twenty years. He was engaged in a profitable and highly respectable business, which was fast raising him to affluence. His daughter, the unfortunate deceased, was about twenty-two years of age; beautiful, lovely and amiable, she excited the admiration of all who knew her, and her untimely end will be widely and deeply mourned.

The following testimony was given before the Coroner's Jury which throws still farther light upon this melancholy affair and shows a deliberate purpose on the part of Wood. If he was deranged, there was much method in his madness.

### CORONER'S INQUEST,

*Held upon view of the body of Sarah Ann Peak, at the house of deceased's father, between 8 and 9 o'clock, on Monday evening.*

After an examination of the wounds of the deceased by the jury, Dr. James Rush was sworn, and testified that he was called at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, informed of the occurrence at Mr. Wood's, and immediately visited the house. Found the daughter lying upon the floor with her head toward the window and was told that she had been shot by her father—found a wound apparently made by the entrance of a bullet beneath or near the right eye, which came out in an oblique direction upon the top of the head; she was not sensible at any period after his arrival; he saw Mr. Wood in great bodily agitation, but he seemed to become more quiet about the time Dr. Emerson came in; it being suggested that Mr. Wood had taken poison, an emetic was prepared and offered to him, but he refused to take it. The daughter was in a state of apparent stupor when he saw her; he had no doubt the wound was inflicted by a ball; Dr. Duffie was also present and examined the wound.

*Dr. Duffie* was called and sworn. He testified that the wound near the right eye was to all appearances that of a bullet, which seemed to have passed obliquely out at the top of the head; supposed it possible that there might have been two balls from the manner in which the bones were broken; considered the wound the cause of death.

Mr. Fenner here produced a bullet of the size suited to the pistols found in the room, which Dr. D. thought capable of causing a wound similar to that in question, and of producing death.

*Mr. Fenner*, who is a partner of G. W. Tryon, gunsmith, No. 134 North Second street, testified, that on Saturday last, about 2 o'clock, as he judged, a man came into the store and asked if he had any pistols for sale; he was led to a show case in which were kept an assortment of pistols. He said he wanted a good article, and one which could be relied on; he said he was not acquainted with the article, and wished to have such picked out for him as could be relied on. After examining several pairs he decided on a pair of the kind here present; he decided on two other pairs, but after discovering a little variation in the size of the ball, he said he would take the two pairs of the same kind and size, and the reason he assigned for it was, that otherwise the balls might get mixed, and cause a difficulty in loading the pistols. After the articles were concluded upon, the man asked if we had any bullets to suit the pistols; I told him we had not, but could have some cast; he then said he would like to have ten balls with each pair of pistols, and as the balls were to be made, he asked what time they could be got ready and the pistols fully prepared; I told him in half an hour, he then retired, and called again in half an hour's time; he then asked me to load the pistols for him, as he was going out of town and wanted to try them.

I loaded the two pairs of pistols which were selected for him, and he took them away loaded; this was all that occurred concerning the pistols; he came in calm and deliberate, as any ordinary person would; he did not, in my opinion appear to be in liquor; I noticed nothing more than the ordinary expression of the eye; he paid the money down; I never knew the person before and have not seen him since; he objected to have the pistols sent home, and gave his name James Wood; Mr. Bynum, my partner, was struck by the publication in the paper relative to the marriage of the daughter and the close of Mr. Wood's house, and followed after him to Race street, and there, that he might not be known, got a boy to follow, who continued after him to a brick house opposite the Moyamensing Prison; the lad here left him and returned. [Mr. Bynum here produced a pistol, and said this is the size of those sold.]

*Fenner continued.*—The pistols sling the balls as they come out of the barrel. (Dr. Duffy here examined the balls, and said such balls would produce such a wound.) Fenner loaded the pistols; they contained only one ball each; Mr. Wood gave no reason for purchasing two pairs of pistols.

*Mr. Joseph Sill, sworn.*—Was attracted this morning, about 10 o'clock, to his back gate, and saw Wood's two children beckon to him; witness immediately hurried after them to the back room of the third story of Wood's house and found the daughter of Mr. Wood lying on the floor weltering in blood. She was still breathing, and he had hopes that something might be done for her relief; he knelt down, supported her head upon his lap, and called for a towel and water, with which he commenced washing off the blood from her head and face, and upon so doing he saw, for the first time, the wound under the eye; he sent immediately for Dr. Rush, who soon after came, examined her face, and said she must die; previous to his coming it was suggested that by loosening her clothes she might breathe easier, which she seemed to do, and his hopes were encouraged that she might live; the Dr. upon examining, said hopes were useless, and she was laid down.

Mrs. Wood was in the room; the parents were apparently unconscious until Mr. Peak came into the room, when witness heard, or thought he heard a scuffle between him and Mr. Wood; Mr. Wood was soon after taken into the front chamber, where he was laid on a bed, and seemed to rave; heard as near as he could recollect Mr. Wood say that he had shot his daughter—"I did it"—"I murdered my own child;" had no pistol in his hand; did not see any pistol; the daughter did not speak; thought she had her senses, but could not tell; Wood said more than once that he had shot his daughter; Mr. Cook and another gentleman were in the room; heard no report of fire arms previous to the alarm of the children of Mr. Wood; is acquainted with Mr. W.; has had conversation with him since the occurrence; considered him incapable of transacting his business; he appeared to be always affectionate toward his daughter; he was lying on the floor when witness went into the room.

*Mr. Cook, sworn.*—The circumstances related by Mr. Sill confirmed. Mr. Cook took two pistols from his pocket, which he picked up in the room; is acquainted with Mr. Wood; had not seen him since the occurrence of this morning; considered Mr. Wood insane.

Verdict of the Jury; That Sarah Ann Peak came to her death in consequence of being shot through the head with a pistol ball, by the hands of her father, James Wood.

### FURTHER PARTICULARS.

It appears that a few moments before the murder, Mrs. Peak had been holding a conversation from her window with her husband in the next yard, which, it is supposed, was heard by Wood, which so aroused his implacable passions, that he immediately ascended to the room of his daughter, and committed the deed. An attempt has been made by his friends to prove that he was insane at the time of the commission of the foul and unnatural act, but the steps appear to have been so deliberately taken, as to preclude the prisoner from the benefit of such a defence. He was visited by Doctor Clapp, in prison on Tuesday last, who found him perfectly sane, and apparently under great distress of mind for the act committed. The true solution of the whole matter appears to be, that Wood had concentrated the whole power of his mind upon one object, that of amassing a fortune, and his affairs were in such a train as to ensure the result. He had formed high designs for the future in reference to his daughter, and it is even asserted that his ultimate intention was to return to England, and that he even expressed a hope of being able to marry her above her station. Her beauty and amiability might have insured the success of his scheme, but her soul revolted at the confinement which she was obliged to undergo, and probably spurned the loftier ideas of her parent's proud parent. She was deprived the society of the opposite sex, and even excluded from frequent intercourse with her own, and the attentions of Peak were perhaps at first regarded as a novelty, and then as a compliment, and at last as the effect of a devotion worthy of her own.

The steps may have been slow, and perhaps were made without thought, but they were perfectly natural, and inevitably led to the result. When the father found that his proud dreams were dashed like idols to the ground, his rage was too great for his reason, and being a man of fierce temper, his thoughts turned to revenge. At first Peak was doubtless selected as the victim, but when Wood learned, as was the case, on his first interview after her return home, that the night had been spent with her husband and that she was irrevocably the wife of the man whom of all others he hated, all the dark passions of his heart were aroused, and he determined that sooner than his enemy should triumph, his own daughter should be sacrificed.

The following is from the pen of the editor of the Times who was in the room during the examination.

It is difficult to define the situation in which the deceased was placed at the time of the discharge of the pistol, from the course of the wound, whether she was lying on the bed, or sitting upon his knee—he being considerably the taller of the two—the natural course of the ball, had they both stood, would have been directly through the head, from front to back, or downward. On being interrogated upon this point, he at first said he could not say whether she was sitting or standing; but, on reflection, said he believed she was standing—and that the pistol was presented close to her face. From all appearances the muzzle of the pistol could not have been more than six inches from her person. All his conversation was slow, and at times almost indistinct. In his manner and looks, however, there was little of insanity. Independent of the unnatural murder, all his movements were marked with reason.

The Funeral of the unfortunate Mrs. Peak took place on Wednesday morning as early as 5 o'clock. She was interred, we understand, in Ronaldson's grave yard. Many persons, under the expectation that her funeral was to take place at a later hour, assembled on both sides of the street in front of the house, gazing up at the building. By 10 o'clock a considerable crowd had gathered, more than one half of which consisted of females.

### MR. PARSONS.

It has been reported that Mr. Parsons, who recently left the stage for the pulpit, was about to return to his former vocation. In the last Louisville Gazette we find the following letter from him upon the subject, by which it will be seen that he is determined to "hold fast to that which is good."—*Methodist Protestant.*

*Mr. Marshall,*—*Dear Sir*—Although it has never been my custom to pay much attention to idle rumors, yet the one now afloat demands refutation.

In the first place, I have no intention ever to return to the profession I have recently abandoned—and secondly: with the assisting grace of God, will never withdraw either from the church or ministry—looking for my reward not here, but hereafter—deeming it my peculiar glory to serve in the ranks of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to be found *always* a faithful soldier of the Cross.

The misapprehension of my friends has been a venal one—but lest those at a distance should draw wrong conclusions, be pleased to give this a place in your paper.

Respectfully, yours, C. B. PARSONS.

### THE STEM FRIGATE.

The keel and floor timbers of the steam frigate at our navy yard are laid, and the stem and stern timbers set up. She is 10 feet longer than the ship Pennsylvania—her other dimensions are as follows:—

| | feet. | inches. |
|---|---|---|
| Length of keel | 206 | " |
| " between perpendiculars | 220 | " |
| " extreme includ. cutwater | 210 | " |
| Breadth of beam, (moulded) | 39 | " |
| " outside of planking | 40 | " |
| " outside of guards | 66 | " |
| Depth of hold | 23 | 6 |
| Draught of water, (load line) | 18 | 3 |
| Height above load line | 13 | 9 |
| Measurement of tons | 1998 | tons. |

The one building at New York is of similar dimensions, and the moulds for her construction were sent from our navy yard. There are only about twenty hands at work upon her, while we understand that upward of one hundred are engaged on the one at New York. From present appearances, however, the hulls of both will be finished long before their engines are ready for them.—*North American.*

### FROM THE SOUTH.

*Tallahassee, Sept.* 18.—"On the 9th inst. between Fort Fanning and Jennings, the Indians attacked a wagon and escort; killed one man wounded three, (one it is supposed mortally). One missing; four mules and one horse killed. The wagon was burnt. On the 11th nothing had been heard of the missing man. Scouts from Fort Fanning and Jennings are out in every direction, but the Indians have not yet been seen."—*Star.*

*New Orleans.*—The papers of the 21st ultimo offer no encouragement for strangers to visit that city. New cases of fever were occurring every day. There was, however, a diminution of the number of interments, but the abatement was supposed to be more from the want of subjects than from a cessation of the disease.

*Mayor's Office, Augusta, Sept.* 25*th*, 1839.—The Mayor of this city acknowledges the receipt of one thousand dollars, from the City Council of Savannah, through Robert M. Charlton, Mayor of that city, "to alleviate the distresses of the sick poor" of Augusta.

A. CUMMING, Mayor.

*Board of Health, Sunday, Sept.* 22—12 M.—The Board report the deaths of three adult white persons, two children, and one person of color, from fever, during the last twenty-four hours also an infant, a few days old, *from constitutional* weakness.

*Monday, Sept.* 23—12 M.—The board report the deaths of two persons in the city, one adult and one infant in the country, from fever, and one negro woman in town.

### MURDERING OF PRISONERS.

At the time of the invasion of Canada, at Sandwich from Michigan, it was stated that after the defeat of the "Patriots," two of the prisoners were shot in cold blood by order of Col. Prince, of the Canadian Militia. The cowardly outrage excited much indignation at the time, but instead of *two*, it appears that the bloodthirsty Col. actually caused *five* helpless prisoners to be shot without trial, and ordered seven more to be shot, but that the execution of the latter was prevented by the interference of some humane persons present. We have no doubt that the British Government will yet bring this Col. Prince to punishment. The facts have been ascertained by a Committee of the most respectable citizens in the vicinity of Sandwich, some of whom were eye witnesses of the bloody deeds. This Committee has made a detailed report, which has been published in the Canada papers. The report discloses the following astounding facts:—

"Before leaving the field, Adjutant Cheeseman of the 2d Essex, brought up a prisoner whom he had taken. He surrendered him to Col. Prince, who ordered him to be immediately shot on the spot, which was accordingly done.

"This man, says the Examiner, was shot in the shoulder, and severely, though not mortally wounded; a second shot carried away his cheek, a third wounded him in the neck, after which he was bayoneted to death! The second prisoner (who was wounded) was brought into the town of Sandwich *at least two hours after the engagement*, and was ordered to be shot on the spot. It was afterward proposed to give him 'a run for his life,' which barbarous proposition was acceded to. In an instant a dozen muskets were levelled for his execution. At this moment, Col. Elliott of the 2d Essex, exclaimed, 'D—n you, you cowardly rascals, are you going to murder your prisoner?' This exclamation for one instant retarded the fire of the party, but in the next, the prisoner was brought to the ground; he sprang again to his feet, and ran round the corner of a fence, where he was met and shot through the head.

"It is to be regretted that this painful affair took place in the most public street, and in the presence of several ladies and children.

"This man was a British subject, and a resident of London district.

"Another prisoner named Dennison, wounded and unarmed, taken after the action, was brought in during the morning. Charles Elliot, Esq. was present when Col. Prince ordered this man to be shot, entreated that he might be reserved to be dealt with *according to the laws of his country*; but Col. Prince's reply was 'd—n the rascal, shoot him;' and it was done!!

"When Col. Prince reached Windsor, he was informed that one of the 'Brigands' lay wounded in the house of Wm. Jonson. The man, whose leg had been shattered by a ball, had been removed to Johnson's for surgical assistance. Col. Prince ordered his immediate execution, and *he was dragged out of the house, and shot accordingly!*

"At this time the regulars and Indians were in advance of Col. Prince. The enemy had escaped from Windsor, and only one man was made prisoner, who presuming that he had fallen into the hands of Prince, made an earnest appeal for mercy, to which Captain Broderick, an officer of the regulars, nobly replied, 'you have fallen into the hands of a British officer!'

"This officer left his prisoner in charge of a dragoon. 'Col. Prince soon after came up, *ordered him to be taken from his guard and shot, which was done!*'

"We learn also from the narrative, that the party of Indians who were sent into the woods, succeeded in making seven prisoners. When they brought them out, a cry was raised *bayonet them!* but Martin, one of the Indian braves, replied, '*No, we are Christians! We will not murder them!*'

"When these men were delivered to Col. Prince, he had them placed in a wagon, and when it reached an open spot, opposite the barracks, *commanded the prisoners to be taken out of the wagon and shot!*

"At this critical moment, Charles Elliott and C. Mercer, Esq. and the Rev. Mr. Johnson and Samuel James, rushed forward and entreated Col. Prince not to COMMIT MURDER by shooting the prisoners, but begged him to leave them to the laws of the country. In making this appeal, Mr. James made use of this emphatic language—'*For God's sake, do not let a white man murder what an Indian has spared!*' Col Prince yielded, remarking, that he should hold Mr. Elliott responsible for his interference, as his *orders was to destroy them all!*"—*Ex. paper.*

*Specie Statistics.*—The following table, condensed from Hazard's Register, exhibits the amount of specie imported to, and exported from, the United States, in 18 years, from 1821 to 1838, inclusive:

The amount of gold and silver *imported* is $162,135,852. Since 1824, the amount of gold imported bears nearly the proportion of $1 to 3½ of silver. The average annual importation of bullion and coin, for the 18 years, is $9,007,507. The smallest amount in any one year being $2,958,402, in 1822; and the largest, $17,122,579, in 1838. The amount of gold and silver *exported* in the 18 years, is $110,578,793. The average annual export being $3,143,266. The following, then, is the result:

| | |
|---|---|
| Imports of foreign gold and silver, since 1821, | $162,135,952 |
| American gold, from U. S. mines, | 5,551,600 |
| Total receipts, | $167,687,552 |
| Exports of gold and silver, | 110,578,796 |
| Making a gain of | $57,118,756 |

to the country in 18 years. This estimate only embraces the specie which comes under the notice of the Custom House. Doubtless a great deal more has been brought in by emigrants.


We republish the interesting letter from Mr. Harris, that the afflicted may know "where relief may be had."

PHILADELPHIA, August 16th, 1839.

MR. ATKINSON—Dear Sir: A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper, an account of the surprising effects of JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE, in restoring a great number of passengers on board a Mississippi steamboat, to perfect health who were affected with Bowel Complaint. I was glad to see you notice it so kindly; you may rest assured it deserves the praise bestowed upon it. The benefit I have received from this medicine, more especially his EXPECTORANT, induces me to state my case to you for the benefit of those who are afflicted in the same way. It has been my misfortune, sir, to labor under a cough and asthmatical oppression, for more than half a century. When a soldier in the American camp, in 1776, I, with many others, (owing to great exposure,) had a violent attack of disease of the Lungs, by which I was disabled from duty for a long time. Since that period, until recently, I have never been free from a violent Cough and difficulty of breathing. Year after year I have expectorated over a gill a day, often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit or be bolstered up to obtain my breath. The weakness and debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me to a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends, that I am here to write this to you. I have had skilful physicians to attend me, and every thing done that was thought likely to give me relief, without any beneficial effect. Last winter I had another severe attack of Inflammation of the Lungs, which I fully expected would be the last. I then considered my case as past the aid of medicine, when I was persuaded to call on Doctor Jayne. With the assistance of Divine Providence, through him, I was soon able to get from my bed; but the coughing and wheezing worried me day and night. He advised me to use his Expectorant. I did so, with a strong hope that, as it had cured many of my acquaintance of various diseases of the Lungs, it might at least mitigate my sufferings. Need I say how gratified I felt? IT HAS EFFECTUALLY CURED ME. As soon as I commenced taking it, I found it reached my case, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became more easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as ever I did in my life, and am better than I have been for the last SIXTY YEARS. Last summer I spit a great deal of blood; now, thank God, I am perfectly cured. Now, Sir, after suffering so long, and finding at last such signal relief from Dr Jayne's Expectorant, I feel anxious to inform my fellow citizens where relief may be had. If you think this worthy a place in your paper, you will oblige me by noticing it.

NICHOLAS HARRIS, Sen. No. 35 Lombard St.

Dr. Jayne's Office is No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. oct 5—tf


## POSTSCRIPT.

Saturday morning, 9 o'clock.

### AWFUL CONFLAGRATION!!

About half past eleven o'clock last night, a fire broke out in the store of D. W. Prescott, running from Water street to the wharf, about a half a dozen houses north of Chesnut street. As the wind was high from the North-east, and the store filled with provisions highly combustible, the flames soon spread to the adjoining houses on the South and West, and almost before any force could be brought by the firemen to bear up on them, they had wrapped most of the adjoining stores in fire.

When we arrived there, seven or eight houses on the east side of Water street, and about the same number on the west side were in flames, but the intrepid firemen, posted in the narrow street between the lofty buildings that were burning, were using the greatest exertions to subdue the flames. They were however unsuccessful. The stores were mostly full of inflammable materials, and the fire raged with unremitting fury. To add to the danger, saltpetre exploded at intervals, and had not several kegs of gun-powder been removed by the firemen at imminent risk, the destruction would have been terrible.

The engines were at last, by the increasing heat and danger, driven from Water street, and forced to take up position in Chesnut and Front streets. At this time the sight was terrific but grand. The flames were shooting up into the clear blue sky, raging, hissing, and darting along, throwing showers of cinders off, that swept before the wind, fell as thick as snow flakes around; while the roar of the flames, the occasional explosions, the shouts of the firemen, and the tolling of the alarm bells, added to the startling effect of the scene. Before 3 o'clock, the fire had crossed Chesnut and Front streets, and was sweeping along Water toward Walnut street.

The firemen, however, succeeded in quenching it on the west side of Front street, but at 9 o'clock this morning it is still raging along Water street. We think, however, it cannot spread further, but it will be impossible to save the houses already on fire. From thirty to forty are already wholly or partially destroyed. The streets are lined with furniture snatched from the flames, while the poor inhabitants have been driven into the open air, or to seek shelter with their neighbors. We regret to state that several persons have been killed by the falling of various walls.

*From the Westfield (Mass.) Spectator.*

### GREAT EXPLOSION.

*Three Powder Mills Blown up; one Dwelling-house, one Barn, and two out-buildings blown to atoms—and strange to say, no lives lost.*—On Monday morning last, at about half-past ten o'clock, the powder mills belonging to Messrs. Foot & Gillet, standing about two miles west of this village, were blown up. There were three distinct explosions at intervals of twenty or thirty seconds. The first was the cylinder mill which was a short time since put in operation; and the workmen had left about five minutes previous—and who were at the time working in the corning mill, about five rods distant—and which blew up within twenty seconds, giving the men barely time to leave the mill and throw themselves into the brush within twenty feet of it. And strange as it may appear, they escaped slightly injured—one without a mark of injury except from being blackened by the powder, the other received a billet of wood in his breast. They had scarcely risen from their hiding place, when the packing house, which contained four or five hundred barrels of powder exploded, prostrating them again, and leaving not a vestige to mark the spot on which it stood. The ground for several feet around was swept clean of every thing. A dwelling house standing near it was unroofed—two sides were blown in, and not even a joist left standing. The plastering of the standing walls was shaken from them. The partitions broken into pieces, feather beds were "shook up," and not a person of the six or seven in the house injured.

The concussion was so great that buildings in the village received considerable injury from it. One building at least a mile and a half from the mills had twenty or thirty lights broken out, and another had one window totally demolished, the casing being carried across the room. About ten thousand pounds of powder ready for sale, and nearly the same quantity manufacturing, was burnt.

### THE LATE COMMODORE PATTERSON.

The New Orleans Bulletin has the following brief but interesting sketch of the important services rendered by this gallant officer during the assaults on New Orleans by the British forces in 1814:

The deceased was in the naval service about forty years, and was a midshipman in the Philadelphia frigate, when she was lost on the Tripolitan coast in the year 1803. With her officers and crew he endured the evils of captivity in the capital of that barbarous country for about two years. At the conclusion of that he was ordered to New Orleans with a naval force under Commodore PORTER, destined to co-operate with the army for the protection of this capital against the designs of Aaron Burr, who was suspected of being engaged in a plot to dismember the Union.

At the epoch of the invasion of Louisiana by the English in 1814, the naval forces on this station were under the command of Commodore Patterson, and he greatly distinguished himself by his zeal, his courage and the efficiency with which he aided the commander in chief in his plans for the defence of the country. In the memorable night attack on the English camp on the 23d December, 1814, the commodore commanded in person the schooner Carolina, which vessel having dropped down the river to the point of attack in the dusk of the evening, the enemy, not aware of her character, hailed her repeatedly, without receiving an answer. When she had obtained her proper position, the voice of Patterson was distinctly heard from the shore, shouting to his crew—"*Give them this for the honor of America!*" A close and terrible fire of canister shot followed, which scattered the enemy in all directions. They rallied, however, and without being able to return the schooner's fire, they sheltered themselves as well as they could behind the levee, where they lay till they were again disturbed by the advance of our troops. The schooner then ceased firing.

Four days afterward Commodore Patterson was abreast of the lines in the ship Louisiana, which had been purchased into the service, and manned with seamen impressed in the streets of New Orleans, and when the British army advanced to the attack of our lines, she opened a terrible fire upon the columns, and materially aided in repulsing them.

After this abortive attempt to carry the lines, the seamen with their officers were placed at the batteries on shore. On the 8th January, when the final attack was made, Commodore Patterson had command of a few heavy guns on the opposite side of the river, which were intended to play upon the enemy's column while marching to the assault, which every one knew they threatened to make on that day. A strong detachment of British troops was transported across the Mississippi in boats, and having routed the feeble band of militia under General David B. Morgan, stationed there for the defence of the battery, Commodore Patterson having used the utmost exertions in vain to arrest the flight of the fugitives, was obliged to spike his guns and retire to this side of the river in order to preserve himself and his men from being made prisoners. The assault on the lines of General Jackson being repulsed in a most signal manner, the British evacuated their new position on the opposite bank the same night, and Commodore Patterson resumed his station the next morning, and continued to annoy the British camp with an incessant fire of his heavy guns till the end of the campaign. In public orders and in private correspondence, General JACKSON bestowed upon his friend, the commodore, the warmest praise for the zeal, activity and ability with which he had acted during that trying period. Since the peace General Patterson has commanded American squadrons in various parts of the globe, and always kept up the efficiency of the ancient discipline and maintained with jealous exactitude the honor of the service. His original education had been of the kind best adapted to the vocation for which he was intended, and in after years he carefully improved his mind by study and observation. Like all men who pass their lives in the stirring scenes of the naval service, he was full of information and anecdote, which he knew how to detail with tact and propriety. He was of a most amiable character in private life, and has left a widow (sister to Carlile Pollock, Esq. of this city) and a numerous family of children to deplore his loss.

Com. P. was a native of Long Island, and at his death was about 56.

## FOREIGN

### LATE FROM AFRICA.

The schooner Euphrates, Captain McNe[illegible] Philadelphia in 34 days from Africa, br[illegible] the following intelligence, which has been [illegible] nished by Captain M. to Mr. Coffee of the [illegible] change, together with files of papers to the [illegible] August.

The Euphrates is sent here by the U. S. C[illegible] sul, a prize to the U. S. Government, hav[illegible] been captured on the Coast of Africa by H. M. brig Harlequin, as a slaver, and surrend[illegible] ed to Gov. Buchanan, U. S. Consul at Lib[illegible] Capt. McNeil, late mate of schr. Fabens, [illegible] the crew formerly belonging to the wrecked [illegible] Emperor, of New York, were put on board [illegible] the U. S. Consul, to bring her home, tog[illegible] with two native (crewmen) whom the cap[illegible] brought to assist in working the vessel, his c[illegible] being all in a weakly state. The schr. is a [illegible] built Chesapeake craft of about 70 tons, [illegible] from Baltimore, and, no doubt, from matters [illegible] things found on board, of their intentions. [illegible] was fitted out at Havana, and had been [illegible] cruising off the Coast of Africa for nine [illegible] and at length strong suspicious circumsta[illegible] led to her capture; the case will now be tr[illegible] no doubt, by our Government. She is and [illegible] under American colors, with an American c[illegible] tain and the crew, nine (we learn) in numb[illegible] were Spaniards. The captain of her took p[illegible] sage in the schr. Fabens, that sailed for P[illegible] dence a day before the Euphrates. The E[illegible] on board the apparatus, &c. that caused [illegible] seizure, and now lays in our harbor.

*From the African Luminary, Aug.* 16.

TERMINATION OF THE WAR AT LITTLE BASS[illegible]

We are happy to be able to state that the [illegible] cent war with the natives at Little Bass[illegible] entirely ended, with a complete victory o[illegible] part of the colonists.

We stated in our last, the departure of [illegible] Excellency, Gov. Buchanan, for the sce[illegible] action, with more men, arms and ammun[illegible] We were kept for several days in a state of [illegible] pense as to the final issue of the affair, until [illegible] return of the governor on Friday night, [illegible] With universal joy, the news spread through [illegible] our town that the Americans were all safe,—[illegible] a man killed. It was truly affecting to see [illegible] exhibition of feeling which nothing could [illegible] strain on the return of the warriors. Mot[illegible] wives, and sisters, all sallied forth to meet [illegible] friends, and surely that Sabbath, although [illegible] met in *public* to pour forth their gratitu[illegible] God, yet many, many devout hearts pres[illegible] their tribute of praise to Him who had retu[illegible] their friends safely to their homes.

Not a shot was fired after the Governor [illegible] down the last time, the natives being compl[illegible] cooled of their great desire to fight. A pala[illegible] was held on the beach, attended by repres[illegible] tives from both parties, and matters very am[illegible] bly settled; the natives acceding to the ter[illegible] prescribed by Gov. Buchanan without any [illegible] tation.

Four of the slaves were given up to the G[illegible] vernor, and the rest are to follow. The [illegible] men, Prince and Bargay, have pledged the[illegible] selves to aid and abet the slave trade no [illegible] in any manner whatever, whether directly [illegible] indirectly; and after the drubbing they [illegible] had, we have no doubt that fear of a second [illegible] will keep them faithful to their pledge.

The Governor brought up with him all [illegible] goods of value found in the slaves' factory, [illegible] ordered the buildings to be burned down. [illegible] men are to be sent to the United States in [illegible] schooner Euphrates, to sail in a day or two. [illegible] Excellency sends her as a prize to the U[illegible] States government. May similar success at[illegible] every effort made through the citizens of [illegible] commonwealth by their chief, to banish the [illegible] cursed traffic from these shores.

On the 20th inst. H. B. M. schooner D[illegible] stood into our harbor, in charge of two [illegible] which she had just captured. One we [illegible] heard is the Marced; the name of the other [illegible] did not learn. We have also been told that [illegible] vessel has recently overhauled the Tr[illegible] but by some means she has escaped. [illegible] not communicate with the land, which we [illegible] not but think rather unceremonious, to [illegible] the prizes anchored nearly a half day [illegible] harbor.

### THE CHINA TRADE.

It would seem, from the annexed extract, Captain Elliot is rather inclined to have a[illegible] with the Chinese, if he can. His belligerent intentions are thus set forth in a letter from [illegible] ton, published in the Boston Mercantile J[illegible] nal.

Capt. Elliot threatens to do something [illegible] he is once outside the Bogue, which may [illegible] it unsafe for *any foreigners* to remain in C[illegible] —but says he intends to give timely notice [illegible] that they may go away, if they please. [illegible] tends to urge it strongly—for, to use his [illegible] words, "Canton will be to hot for any [illegible] may leave behind." Of course, over the Am[illegible] cans he has no control—yet, you know the [illegible] ger is alike to all foreigners at Canton. In c[illegible] of hostilities by any one power outside, the C[illegible] nese will not discriminate. Elliot says that [illegible] he has seen the opium all delivered, and [illegible] leave, he will issue his final proclamation, [illegible] which he will give such information as may [illegible] once cause foreigners to be off. He urges [illegible] English daily to bring their affairs to as [illegible] close as possible, and requests them to render [illegible] him *statements of all and any claims they have on the Chinese*,—which they are to [illegible] his hands. This looks warlike, and you ca[illegible] therefore, that it is quite possible we may [illegible] have to go to Macao, bag and baggage.

The Columbia, (60 guns) Commodore R[illegible] is in Macao Roads. We are now daily [illegible] for the John Adams. We heard she was [illegible] also, but it proved to be a false report. [illegible] Larne (18) is at Chunpee, where the opium [illegible] are delivering. The Venus, French, (64 [illegible] expected from New South Wales, as well [illegible] ligator, (English, 28,)—and Capt. Elliot [illegible] that the Admiral of the India station will [illegible] with a fleet within six weeks. The Good [illegible] cess was despatched to Madras, with despat[illegible] for the Indian Government and the Adm[illegible] the 7th April, and the Ariel, Warden, [illegible] taken up to carry despatches to Suez, for [illegible] British Government, and will sail immedi[illegible] What the Admiral will do when he arrives [illegible] one can judge.

### MARINE OF FRANCE.

The French Government are looking [illegible] increase of steam vessels for naval pur[illegible] Their most experienced commander of [illegible] ships, Capt. Sarlat, came out a passenger [illegible] Great Western, for the purpose, as the N[illegible] Commercial says, of observing the mach[illegible] of this ship, and also to pursue his investig[illegible] in the United States. He spent much [illegible] the engine room on his passage, and we [illegible] we are right in saying that he was surpr[illegible] the working of the machinery during the [illegible] storm which the ship encountered. The G[illegible] says that private letters received from M[illegible] seilles, convey the intelligence, that the G[illegible] Naval Engineer, who had charge of the de[illegible] tion of steamboats in the Mediterranean, [illegible] received orders from the French Govern[illegible] to prepare a plan of organization for [illegible] packets between Bordeaux and New Y[illegible] Marshall Soult interests himself greatly [illegible] immediate execution of this plan, which ha[illegible] a military and a commercial object. [illegible] packet boats are to be of such size and con[illegible] tion, that they may readily be converted [illegible] ships of war of eighty guns.

The engines yet employed are of four hun[illegible] horses power. It is proposed to give the [illegible] of the French steamers four hundred and [illegible] horses power.

### LOWER CANADA.

The Montreal Herald of Friday, 27th [illegible] forms us that on Thursday fifty-eight of [illegible] Canadians under sentence of death, were [illegible] on board the steamer British America, [illegible] shipped on board the transport Buffalo, [illegible] which they will be transported to Botany [illegible] for life. They were chained in couples, [illegible] escorted to the steamer by a guard of the [illegible] regiment. "The Upper Canada rebels [illegible] brigands," the Herald says, "whose sen[illegible] of death were commuted to transportation [illegible] life, arrived on Thursday evening by the [illegible] chine Canal, and were shipped on board [illegible] steamer Saint George, and are destined to [illegible] the fate of other rebels. Both steamboats [illegible] as soon as they had received their cargo. [illegible] The editor was told that the parting scene [illegible] tween the convicts and their relations was [illegible] tressing in the extreme, and caused tears to [illegible] from all eyes which witnessed it. Albert [illegible] were "unused to the melting mood." Tw[illegible] five prisoners are to be released on giving [illegible] factory security that they will leave the Pro[illegible] in forty-eight hours after their liberation, [illegible] never return to it again. Two others, [illegible] Levuesque and Prieur, are to enter into a [illegible] lar arrangement, with this difference, that [illegible] are to remove six hundred miles from the [illegible] vince.

### RIOT IN NASHVILLE.

It is with feelings of the most heart-fel[illegible] gret, that we are about to record a trans[illegible] disgraceful to our town and melancholy [illegible] results.

Four of our watchmen were assaulted [illegible] Wednesday night, 18th instant, and severely [illegible] jured by a party of young men. One watch[illegible] is at the point of death almost entirely desp[illegible] of; another at death's door, with a mere ch[illegible] of recovery; a third has shed a quantity [illegible] blood on the pavement; and a fourth was [illegible] times knocked down, and taken senseless [illegible] physician. The individuals making the at[illegible] were not arrested!! They proceeded to a l[illegible] stable, procured horses for two of their [illegible] who, after threatening the negro with a [illegible] head, for not furnishing better steeds, dep[illegible] and are doubtless now far ahead of pursu[illegible]

This is no fancy sketch; it is *literally* tr[illegible]—*Nashville Whig, 20th ult.*

## EPITOME O[illegible]

PHILADELPHI[illegible]

[illegible]

# EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

*Burglary.*—The very goods store of Shultz Son & Neff, at No. 25 North Third street, was broken open on Sunday night and robbed of a quantity of goods.

*Lehigh Coal Trade.*—The shipments for the week ending the 26th, were 9063 tons; total this season, 176, 047 tons.

*Coal.*—Eleven thousand and six tons of coal passed through the Schuylkill Canal during the week ending Sept. 28, of which amount, 998 tons passed through on the 19th, and 1716 tons on the 20th; the average being 1252 tons per day.

The body of William Gillen, who was drowned on Thursday evening last, in the Schuylkill, by falling from a canal boat, was found on Sunday morning in the river, between Market and Arch streets. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of accidental drowning returned. It is believed that the deceased left a wife and family in Pottsville.—*Sentinel.*

*Drowned.*—A colored man named Mitchell was drowned at Walnut street wharf. He had gone upon the steamboat's buoy ship to clean some fish, and while reaching upon the side of the buoy, he slipped off, and drowned before his situation was discovered by any person in time for his rescue. The body was recovered about two hours afterward, near the spot where he had sunk.—*U. S. Gazette.*

*Stabbing.*—Henry F. Blake, who keeps a miserable drinking shop in Sixth street below Pine, and who is a man of infamous and intemperate character, was brought before the Mayor charged with seriously stabbing a colored man named Edward Stewart, in the back. The defendant was standing in the middle of the footway, very much intoxicated, and quarrelling with a third person, when Stewart came quietly along, and accidentally jostled him, at which he drew a dirk or Spanish knife, and struck violently at Stewart, inflicting a deep and severe wound. Blake was held to bail in the sum of $1000 to answer the assault at the Criminal Court.

*Ruffianly Assault.*—A most cowardly and ruffianly assault was made on Tuesday night about 10 o'clock, on a respectable young man returning home alone, in West Philadelphia, by five or six unprincipled ruffians armed with bludgeons and fire arms. These ruffians pursued him while running for life, till he arrived at the house of an acquaintance, when they came to a halt. One of the villains then fired a pistol, the contents of which the young man fortunately but narrowly escaped. In the confusion and alarm, occasioned by the report of the pistol, they made their escape. It is to be hoped that for the good of society, these miscreants may be ferretted out and dealt with unmercifully by law.

*A Hoard.*—A quantity of pork belonging to John S. Graham, 294 Market street, which was stolen from his store a few days since, was recovered on Monday from two persons named Phillips and Brenson, one of whom lives at the corner of Seventh and Bedford, and the other at 275 S. Seventh street. There were also found a public wheelbarrow, a pickaxe, 4 spades, and some other things. The suspected thieves are two colored men, who have been arrested, named Dunn and Heath. The articles were recovered through the instrumentality of Mr. Conrad.

The Philadelphia locomotives are continually gaining admiration and favor in England, as the following extract of a letter written by an English gentleman to his friend will show:

"Your people have lately sent over a locomotive engine from Philadelphia, (made there) which has excited a great deal of attention. It is much lighter than ours, and is a vast deal more powerful. The workmanship is beautiful; and it is so much liked by the directors of the North Midland Railway, that they have ordered ten more of them.

"This was what the Southerners call a smart chance of apecie arrived in the cars from the West yesterday morning, destined, as we understand, for one of the city banks.

*Attempt at Suicide.*—Quite a sensation was excited yesterday, near the Marine railway in Arch street, between Queen and Christian streets, by the attempt of a young man named Elwell, to commit suicide. In a fit of *delirium tremens*, a symptom of mania a *potu*, he attempted self decapitation with a dull knife, but succeeded only in cutting the *thyroid* gland and *thyroid* vein, and removing a small portion of the *trachea*. As the *internal cellular membrane* of the latter was not injured, neither respiration nor *articulation* were impaired. Dr W m. H. Clapp, being called, took up and secured the *thyroid* vein, and united the external parts with the common *suture*, said processes him out of danger, unless inflammation should supervene, or a recurrence of the paroxysm should prompt the patient to renewed violence.—*World.*

*Fire.*—On Wednesday night last, between 11 and 12 o'clock, a fire broke out in the second story of Mr. Hodge's Blind Manufactory, south Second street, third door below Pine, which completely consumed the upper part of the building and its contents. Although the attic and roof of the building were completely wrapped in flames when the alarm was given, it was soon extinguished by the firemen upon their arrival that but little damage was sustained by the adjoining buildings. Mr. Hodge occupied the part of the building fronting on Second street, and the upper part of it fronting on Pine street, was occupied by Mr. Rendstadt, as a cabinet warerooms. Amount of damage not known.

*Cowardly Assault.*—On Tuesday morning a sailor, named Thomas Smith, belonging to the ship Niagara, was brought before Alderman Tony, charged with having, on Monday last, committed an assault and battery upon the wife of Mr. John Kingston of that district. It appeared that Smith had entered the premises of Mr. Kingston and commenced making a noise, when Mrs. K. remonstrated, upon which the brute struck her violently in the face and knocked her down. She screamed murder, and the neighbors rushed to her rescue, seized Smith and carried him before Alderman Tony, by whom he was fully committed.—*World.*

*Severe Accident.*—About eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning, a young man residing in Second street, near South, was seriously injured at a building now being erected adjoining the United States Hotel, in Chestnut street. The young man was engaged in doing some tin work on the premises, and the workmen in the fifth story commenced throwing down some timber just as he was about to ascend the ladder. In the course of this proceeding a heavy piece of wood struck him, and felled him to the ground, inflicting a serious wound on his forehead. Drs. Emerson and Tumbleston, who fortunately were in the immediate vicinity, dressed his wound, after which he was conveyed home.

*The Dauphin Guards* return their thanks, in a card which they have had published, to their military brethren of Philadelphia, particularly to Captains Page and Fritz, for the kindness and courtesy with which they were treated during their stay in this city.

*The Amount of Toll* on the Columbia railroad, received at the Collector's office, for the week ending September 25th, was $3901 70.

*Another Print Works Destroyed by Fire.*—The Bethlehem Print Works near Germantown occupied by Mr. Winter, and owned by Wm. L. Fisher, were destroyed by fire about four o'clock on Saturday morning. The buildings occupied an area of upward of two hundred and fifty feet front. The main building which was of stone, three stories high, together with the extensive drying sheds on the north side were entirely consumed, with all the printing apparatus, calenders and other machinery, also a large quantity of printing cloths in the various stages of manufacture.

*Serious Accident on the Reading Railroad.*—On Saturday afternoon, as the workmen on the tunnel of the Reading Railroad, near Norristown, were blasting in two separate stations, a serious accident, which will probably be attended by loss of life, occurred. The two sets of blasters were to fire their trains at the same moment, although their work lay in different parts of the tunnel. This they performed according to contract; but by some mismanagement one of the trains of powder did not ignite immediately, and some of the workmen went to look for the cause; they had hardly, however, arrived at the spot ere the explosion ensued with a terrible crash, and four of the men were severely burnt and wounded by the flying masses of rock that they are not supposed to be able to survive. Several others were also severely injured.

*Kobler, the Murderer.*—In the case of this person, who was convicted of the Murder of Zellerbach, near Lancaster, the motions in arrest of judgment and for a new trial, have been overruled, and sentence of death passed.

NEW YORK.

*Theft and Recovery of the Property.*—Mr. Chas. A. Savoye, of Albany, on Thursday last, had stolen from him a box containing 30 gold watches, worth about $2000, which had been deposited on board the New York boat. An officer was procured on the arrival of the boat, and after a search the principal part of them were found under a bed in one of the berths.

*Melancholy Aberration.*—A female about 30 years of age, from New Jersey, and apparently possessing a cultivated but deranged mind, has been found at Cattskill, N. Y. in a very destitute condition, having been living in the woods for several weeks, subsisting upon berries, fruits, and the milk of neighboring cows. The inhabitants of that place have provided for her until her friends shall come and claim her.

*The Fourth Anniversary* of the New York Anti-Slavery Society terminated at Utica. A delegate was appointed to represent the society at the "Anti Slavery Convention of Nations," to be held in London next June.

Flour was selling in New York, on Tuesday, at $5.57, and dull at that price.

*The New York Firemen*, it seems, have nothing to boast of in the way of being orderly and peace-loving citizens. On Sunday evening last, on the occasion of a fire, a riot and bloody fight took place among them at the commencement of the Bowery, which continued for some time, to the great injury of the eyes, noses, clothes and characters of the combatants.

*Forgery Case.*—A great sensation was on Friday experienced in Peck slip, owing to the arrest of Albert L. Merriam, of the firm of Kellogg & Merriam, for forgery. The discovery of his partner's delinquencies was first brought to the knowledge of Mr. Kellogg by gaining information of a fictitious draft for $400 which had been deposited by Merriam with a person as security for a debt for $90, contracted in no honorable way. Farther investigation brought to light a note which had been paid away to Mr. J. H. Cowdrey, No. 94 Front street, grocer, in payment for sugar, having on it a forged endorsement purporting to be that of Messrs. Milley & Batchler. The note was for $730. It was for this forgery Merriam was arrested. It is supposed that many other similar transactions will soon be discovered. Merriam has been held to bail.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

*A Suicide.*—We learn from the Goshen (N. Y.) Republican of Saturday, that a man named Abner Coleman, aged about 40 years, a resident of Washingtonville, imprisoned there for the cruel treatment of his wife and mother, committed suicide on Wednesday evening last by severing one of the arteries of his right arm with his pen-knife.

*Rather Unpleasant.*—The Northampton (Massachusetts) Courier contains an account of a night's adventure of a young man from this city, named Dodge, who spent the night of Wednesday of last week in the trackless forests of Mt. Holyoke, in which he became lost. A torrent of rain poured down during the whole night. On the return of day-light he ascended a tree, and discovered the far off spire of South Hadley. He directed his steps thitherward, and after some hours wearied travel, reached a farm house, where he was kindly entertained and cheered. His situation when he was first seen was unpleasant enough, having exhausted himself with fatigue, worn out the covering to his foot, and torn his clothes rudly in his encounters with the tangled forest, aside from the chills and cold which he suffered from his wet couch on the mountain.—*N. Y. Sun.*

*The New York* Sunday Visiter complains of the young ladies of that city for running to fires. Pshaw, man, the young ladies can't help it; they are always attracted by the *sparks*.

*Leggett's Library.*—The New York Herald says that Leggett left a library valued by Mr. Gurley at $7000, which was bought by Mr. Forrest.

*Human Skeleton Found.*—On last Sunday week as some men were digging the foundation of the aqueduct at Canajoharie, N. Y. they discovered a well beneath the foundation of a furnace, which had not been used for several years, and upon proceeding to the bottom, they found the bones of a man. From the shoes, wallet, and several other articles laying near, as also from a scar on the cheek bone, the mass was identified as the skeleton of a man named Ritchie, a hand employed about the furnace, who about four years since disappeared under mysterious circumstances, and for whom every search was made.

It appears that he had crept under the floor of the furnace, and intentionally plugged head foremost into the well, as he had several times before attempted to commit suicide.

*The Kidnapped Boy*, whose rescue from slavery we announced on Saturday—has reached this city, on his way home at Worcester. He is a bright intelligent little fellow, about eight years of age, and the son of a very respectable mechanic at Worcester. The gentleman who went to Virginia in search of him is a Mr. Rice; he deserves much credit for the skill and promptitude with which he effected his benevolent object. Shearer, the kidnapper, was left in jail at Fredericksburg, awaiting a requisition from the Governor of Massachusetts. He had two or three accomplices, and there is strong reason to believe, from what came out on the examination, that three or four other colored boys have been kidnapped and sold by him and his confederates. Sydney, the boy now rescued, was sold by Shearer for four hundred and fifty dollars.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

*The way to Preserve the Purity of Elections.*—At a court of general sessions held in Delaware county, (N. Y.) last week, an individual was convicted of an attempt to bribe a voter in the village of Delhi, at the general election last fall, and a fine of $150 was imposed.

*A new Salt Spring* of a rare saline kind has been discovered at Saratoga, on the low grounds contiguous to the Pavilion. The salt produced from it is of the Epsom and Cheltenham character.

*Turned them Right.*—At a late term of the Circuit Court, held at Syracuse, N. Y. Oliver A. Kingsley was mulcted in $2000 damages, at the suit of Benoni Danks, for the seduction of his daughter. Another suit for breach of promise and seduction, Jonathan Pilo, plaintiff, vs. Nelson Potter, defendant, was also tried. A verdict for $450 was rendered in this case.

*Counterfeiters Arrested.*—On Saturday evening, officers A. M. C. Smith, Stephens, and J. L. Smith, arrested a notorious counterfeiter, named Daniel Conner; and Mrs. Mary Morse and daughter, at the corner of 37th street and 10th avenue; $2105 in counterfeit bills, $135 in small red back bills, ready for alteration. A press and plenty of bill paper was found wet down and ready for use. The prisoners, on being brought to the watch house, were committed by Alderman Ferris. The officers, accompanied by Alderman F. then went back to the house and took possession of all the materials, plates, &c. We understand a requisition was sent on from Massachusetts some time since for the arrest of this Conner. It was in the hands of one of our police officers, who, it seems, was less fortunate than the above.—*New York Paper.*

*Outrage.*—On Wednesday night, Capt. Goodman, living a mile east of the city, heard a noise in his yard, and sent out his hired man to ascertain the cause. On going to the hen roost, the man was attacked by two villains, one of whom gave him a blow with a club which broke his under jaw. The man thinks, however, that he succeeded in marking one of them on the head or shoulder with a pitchfork, which may lead to his detection. On entering the roost, it was found that about 70 weight of chickens had been killed, and tied together preparatory to a hasty removal.—*Rochester Democrat.*

*A Great Bargain.*—At Brooklyn, last week, a wash-hand stand and contents were knocked down at eighteen shillings. The buyer, on examining his purchase, found in a drawer among a parcel of rubbish, a roll of bank notes amounting to $5600, and doubloons worth $1000 more. The Surrogate took possession of the money on behalf of the estate to which the stand belongs, but the finder intends to test his claims to the money.

*Murder on the High Seas.*—Charles Edwards, a black, of the ship Niantic, was committed to prison in New York, on Saturday, on a charge of killing the steward of said vessel, by stabbing him in the breast. The cause was that the cook had been hauled up and flogged upon a former occasion, for drawing a knife on the steward, when in revenge for the said flagellation, the act was perpetrated.

The whole number of deaths in New York last week was 141, of which thirty were by consumption.

Over 70,000 bushels of wheat were at Buffalo, last week, from various quarters.

*Robbins' Reef Light.*—This Light House, which rises out of the sea, and is built entirely of stone, is nearly in readiness to be lighted up. We learn from the New York Express, that the situation is nearly down to Staten Island, at the mouth of the Kills. The light will be an excellent guide in the night, to all vessels, but particularly to steamboats running up and down the bay. A ball with clock machinery is to be placed on the cupola, to be tolled in foggy weather or in a storm—an improvement greatly required. The man who is stationed at this Light House, will not have a foot of ground to stand upon except that within the house. The foundation is brought up from the rock under water.

The New York Star says, Professor Redfield has come out furiously against the theory of Professor Espy, and it is feared the learned philosophers on storms will knock up a hurricane between them.

*Extract of a letter, dated New York, Tuesday, 1 o'clock, P. M.*—The British Queen left the dock at half-past twelve this afternoon, but swing, as I understand, to something wrong in her machinery, she anchored in the river and remained off Wall street until 2 o'clock, when she went to sea, with some sixty passengers. The exact amount of specie gone forward has not yet transpired, but it is somewhere between $700,000 and $900,000; and the Havre packet has $161,000. Bills on London were heavy this morning, and sales were made at 9¾ a 10¼ per cent. prem.

*Suicide.*—An Englishman named Seth Gaylord, died on Tuesday morning, at his boarding house, in New York, from the effects of a dose of arsenic or laudanum, taken by him on Sunday afternoon.

No wonder we have had such cold wintry days here. The Buffalo Journal of Saturday furnishes us the clue:—

*Snow Storm.*—Our severe equinoctial storm ushered up yesterday with a fall of snow, as liberal in quantity as it was untimely in season. It was followed last night—not by frost, but by a perfect congelation. At a distance from the lake, on the highlands, we doubt not, the depth was at least six or eight inches. To day we have clear weather, with a very cold atmosphere.

EASTERN.

*Libel Suit.*—The editor of the Kennebec (Augusta) Journal has been mulcted in the sum of $41.67, and costs, which amount to several hundred dollars, on an appeal to the Supreme Court, for an alleged libel on Samuel Usher. Postmaster at Kingfield, Me. by noticing the fact of his arrest for robbing the mail of a $500 bill sent from Boston to Charles Pike, Esq. of Kingfield. The case has been before a jury twice before in the Court of Common Pleas. Usher sued for $5000 damages. The first jury disagreed; the second awarded him $50 damages. The case will be carried before the full Court which sits in June next, or a motion will be made for a new trial. The suit was commenced nearly five years ago.—*Boston Centinel.*

*Supposed Murder.*—On Sunday, the 29th ult. a man named John Geering, was found in the back yard of a house in Providence, R. I. so dreadfully bruised and beaten that he died in a few hours. He had in his pockets when found, two doubloons and about $20 in bank bills.

*Sentence of Death.*—Henry Damon has been convicted by the Rutland (Vt.) County Court, of murdering his wife, and is to be executed on the 21st of February next.

*Smallpox in Maine.*—A farmer in Connecticut, who has occupied the same farm, on lease, for about thirty years past, was complaining that he had been able to lay up nothing from his thirty year's labor. A neighboring storekeeper offered to explain to him the reason, and proceed as follows:—"During the last thirty years that you have been on that farm, I have been trading in this store; and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you the owner of the farm you have—*Love of Humanity.*

*Maine Lands.*—Land agents of Massachusetts and Maine have just sold two and a half townships of timber land, on the Penobscot, at the price of from $1.50 to $2 an acre. The whole amount of sales was upward of $200,000; one fifth of which was paid down.

*Hidden Treasure.*—We learn that a young man, named Lewis Brigham, in Northborough, about ten days since, in digging for woodchucks, unearthed a metal bottle, containing many three packs, by measure, of old coin, of various denominations, about one third of which was gold and the remainder silver. The round was so completely decomposed as to be of no strength, and barely to retain its form. We do not understand whether the exact amount of the money has been ascertained or not.—*Boston Mer. Jour.*

*The Shows*, the young vocalists, who attracted so much attention in this city last season, were at Lowell, Me. on the 23d ult. By the notice taken of them in the papers we perceive they are as popular as ever.

*Respite.*—Thomas Clarke, a colored seaman, convicted at Newport, R. I. of murder at sea, and sentenced to be executed on the 16th of October, has been respited by the President until the 1st of next January.

A young man at Hartford, Conn. recovered $570 of a person who had injured him by careless driving.

The First Baptist Church in Providence, R. I. has recently erected a meeting house, which for ample elegance and architectural beauty, is much admired. The whole cost of the house and lot was $22,000. The spire is 200 feet high, and the bell weighs 2351 lbs. A lady of the society, presented an organ, and another lady paid for the inside painting of the house. A gentleman of the society, also contributed $3000 to assist them.

*Assault.*—The captain of a Baltimore schooner was arrested in Providence, R. I. on the 25th ult. for having violently assaulted a black man, cook on board the schooner, broke his arm, and otherwise injured him. The charge was substantiated, and the captain fined $30.

The Cranberry Beds on Cape Cod, near Barnstable, are a home of freebooters. When the yearly day arrived for picking, stealthy rogues had each carried off the best of those berries. The town discovered the poachers eighty in number, and they are to await for their sixties "anon."

*Massachusetts Thanksgiving.*—Governor Everett has appointed Thursday, the 21th day of November next, as the annual day of thanksgiving in that State.

WESTERN.

*Gov. Boggs*, of Missouri, is about to demand of the Governors of Illinois State, and Iowa and Wisconsin territories, two Mormon prisoners, who had escaped.

*Too much haste.*—A farmer at Avon, (West.) lost 200 bushels of wheat by a dilemma, thus: in order to get rid of the straw near the machine, set fire to it to burn during his absence.

*National Road in Missouri.*—Major Ogden, U. S. Engineer, is making a reconnoissance of a route for the National Road in Missouri. It is said that he has pursued a different course from that usually adopted by those marking out State roads. He has avoided, as far as practicable, crossing all ravines and hollows, and generally pursued the winding course of the ridges; by this means the distance of the route is lengthened, but a much better road is obtained.

The Mayor of St. Louis has vetoed an ordinance of the Common Council, increasing the tax on "active business" at great length.

*Quackery.*—An individual in Cincinnati, known as the "Negro Doctor," and who undertakes to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to," by a process peculiarly his own, was arrested about a week since, charged with the barbarous treatment of two colored boys, one of whom had been taken into the Doctor's family to be cured of insanity, and he resorted to unmerciful whipping with the cowhide, in order to cure them. Their sufferings from this cruel treatment, became so great, that their cries were heard in the neighborhood, upon which complaints were made to the police, who took the necessary steps to stop it. The patients have been taken to the Infirmary.

*Murder and Rape.*—At Georgetown, Ky. sentence of death has been passed upon two negroes, one of whom was a woman, convicted of murder, and the other a boy of 16, found guilty of an attempt to commit a rape.

*A Vigorous Old Age.*—There is now residing in Indiana, a man who is one hundred and twenty years of age, and has a son aged only thirteen, who is therefore a hundred and seven years younger than his father.

*Homicide.*—A Mr. Burnett, living near Richmond, Ky. was killed by a neighbor, named Reese, a deputy Sheriff. Reese absconded on Monday evening or Tuesday morning, and has not been heard of.

*Melancholy.*—A woman in Gibson county, Indiana, recently sent three of her children for some eggs, to a hen's nest, a few yards from the house, while she remained at a washtub, also to take care of a younger child. The children ran eagerly to the nest, and thrust their hands into it, when a large copperhead snake, that was lying in it, being thus disturbed, attacked and bit the whole three. The mother hearing their screams, rushed to their assistance, and during her absence, the youngest found its way to the washtub and was drowned. To add to the mother's distress, in two hours after, the three who were bitten by the snake died.

SOUTHERN.

*An Outrage.*—Mr. Loftus Quinn, of Union Co. N. C. on the night of the 15th ult. was attacked by a stout negro man, dragged from his horse, beaten, robbed, tied to his cart, and threatened with instant death if he made any noise. The daring scoundrel then took Mr. Quinn's horse from his cart, mounted her, and left the victim bound on the road. In about twenty-four hours after, the fellow was taken on board a vessel and lodged in jail.

The war has broken out again in Florida in real earnest. If any more idle, patriotic individuals wish to amuse themselves by hunting Indians now's their time.

Our old favorite Gen. Gaines has been eating a public dinner at Memphis—has been toasted, and made a speech of an hour long. We hope the General does not intend to descend from his pedestal, and become a vulgar candidate for the Presidency—as thought he had too much pride for that—but this looks suspicious. General avoid public dinners.

*Wilful Murder.*—Mr. James M. Farren was shot at Hinds county, Miss. about the 1st of the month, in his own house and in the presence of his family, by a lad, a son of John D. King of Madison county, Miss. who was accompanied to the scene of slaughter by his father as aider and abettor. They were both arrested at Jackson, having visited there to obtain advice of counsel, and imprisoned.

*The Drought in the South.* Macon, Ga. Sept. 30.—We do not remember ever having had to record the prevalence of such a drought as at present. We have not had a drop of rain for several weeks—nor a good soaking shower for a number of months! The consequence is, many of the wells and springs are dry. Streams never before known to fail, are now at a standstill. The noble Ocmulgee is reduced to a narrow streamlet, fordable in almost any place opposite or near the city. The roads are ground up to ashes, and the air is filled with an impalpable powder, almost suffocating.

The crops have been materially injured. Late corn is entirely cut off. The cotton crop throughout Georgia, will not be half as great as the prospect promised on the 1st of August. We doubt whether it will be greater than last year's.

Gardens are literally burnt up. Potatoes, peas, turnips, &c. are very short.

*The Centenary of Methodism* was celebrated at Washington, D.C. on Monday last, at which subscription exceeding $2300, were made to the Centenary Fund. One lady contributed 208 acres of Texas land, supposed to be worth $6 an acre.

The 27th ult. was observed at Charleston, S. C. as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, in consequence of the cessation of Asiatic cholera (now happily abated) which has visited that city.

*Gold Mines.*—There are 12 gold mines in Goochland, 15 in Orange, 11 in Culpepper, 28 in Spottsylvania, 10 in Stafford, and 6 in Fauquier; in all, 90 in Virginia.

*Trial for Homicide.*—The trial of Richard C. Gwatkin, indicted for the murder of Pitman, at the White Sulphur Springs, in August, 1838, took place at Lexington, Va. last week. The trial occupied the Court something more than four days. It resulted in the conviction of the prisoner, who was sentenced to eighteen years imprisonment in the Penitentiary.—*Balt. Pat.*

The Natchez Courier declares that it is remarkably healthy in that city.

*Florida.*—On the 8th ult. a party of ten Indians made an attack upon a baggage train, escorted by seven men, killing one and wounding three. This skirmish occurred between Wacassassa and Fort Fanning. One of the escort is missing, not having been heard of in the 11th ult. The schooner Medium, Captain Magoun, had arrived at St. Augustine with fifty-four Indians, which had been shipped to Charleston, but which had been ordered back by Gen. Taylor. The Indians still continued in consternation, and the remainder were in Fort Marion. They had conspired together to escape from the schooner, but the plan was frustrated by one of the squaws, who disclosed their intention. The Florida Herald discredits the report of the attack on a sergeant's party, while constructing a bridge, as stated by a paper at Jacksonville.

*The Rioters on the Canal.*—An Examining Court has been held at Cumberland, Md. to investigate the charges against the persons apprehended on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. There were twenty-seven prisoners, most of them arrested by the military. A number of them charged with riot and robbery were committed for trial the 13th of October next. Several were committed for an assault with intent to murder, and some for arson.

From the above list of crimes, says the Civilian, it is manifest that the line of the canal from Oldtown to the south end of the Tunnel, has been for some time past the scene of the most savage and barbarous outrages. The testimony produced before the Examining Court, gave evidence of a most lawless state of society among the laborers on the canal. No man's life was safe.

*A Cold Blooded Murderer Caught.*—The citizens of Nashville have experienced a lively sensation by the recent arrival there, as a prisoner, of Wm. C. Bennett, charged with a shocking manner, and without provocation, a short time since, an inoffensive man named Wm. Sandy. He was taken near the mouth of White River, Arkansas, by two men named Brooks and Rives, who rode at the rate of 50 miles during forty hours, and arrived at Nashville on the 10th of October, has been respited by the President until the 1st of next January.

A young man at Hartford, Conn. recovered $570 of a person who had injured him by careless driving.

The First Baptist Church in Providence, R. I. has recently erected a meeting house, which for ample elegance and architectural beauty, is much admired. The whole cost of the house and lot was $22,000. The spire is 200 feet high, and the bell weighs 2351 lbs. A lady of the society, presented an organ, and another lady paid for the inside painting of the house. A gentleman of the society, also contributed $3000 to assist them.

*Training a New Recruit.*—The Picayune says that the commanding officer of a volunteer corps in New Orleans makes the "awkward squad" go through drill daily, so as to pass muster creditably.

The Hibernian Society of New Orleans, has appropriated three thousand dollars to the relief of the indigent sick, and given to each of the philanthropic Societies of the city, (viz. the Howard, Samaritan and Philanthropic) one hundred and fifty dollars. It has also increased the number of managers in different municipalities, placing at their disposal a certain amount of funds, to be expended as they may best see fit, and when so expended, further appropriations are to be made from the funds of the society.

*Noble Self-Sacrifice.*—On the 4th ult. as David S. Burnet, Esq. Sheriff of Natchitoches, was walking on the banks of the Mississippi, he saw a young man struggling in the water, and immediately jumped in to his rescue. The negro seized him around the waist, and they both went down and perished together. The body was recovered within 45 minutes. Mr. B. was only 27 years of age, and seemed to have promised within a few days of the melancholy event.

*The Result of Intemperance.*—Two men, in a fit of intoxication, entered the store of a Mr. Gatewood, in Charleston, S. C. a few days since, and demanded a pistol. Gatewood, in self defence, he struck one of them, named Neil Fludd, in the head, fracturing his skull so that he died.

*Yellow Fever.*—At New Orleans, in the week ending Sept. 29, there were 137 interments, of which 63 died of yellow fever. At Augusta, three deaths in the twenty-four hours preceding the 26th. At Natchez, two deaths in the twenty-four hours preceding the 21st,—one from New Orleans, the other a native.

*From Florida.*—In the South, it appears by accounts to Sept. 21st, that Sam Jones, with 200 warriors, was still near Fort Lauderdale, making great profession of friendship, while in North and Middle Florida the country is overrun by small scattering parties of red tribes, who constantly effect the object of their shrewd tactics, by falling, in ambush, upon detachments of our troops, whom they shoot down and scalp without resistance!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Canadian papers do not hail the announcement of the appointment of Poulett Thomson as Governor General of Canada with joy. The merchants are displeased because the Gov. General has advocated the reduction on Baltic timber, and the over loyal editors, as much as any thing, for the reason that the Governor General's name is Thomson! Perhaps the Canadians may find that the advent of Lord Durham was as effulgent as Aristocracy could make it,—that of Mr. Thomson has no lustre.—*N. Y. Express.*

There is to be a trial at Sandwich, (Upper Canada,) in which the editor of "76 feels an interest, as it says he would attend and report it, were it not from apprehension of the *bad effects which the air of the court house would have upon him!*" Not so bad. Theller lives now at Detroit, opposite.

The Hudson Bay Company, it is reported, have offered as an inducement for the extension of its charter, which expires in 1840 or '41, to render the Ottowa navigable to Lake Huron. The Montreal Herald says the report is too good to be true.

*Cure for Cancer.*—Mr. Thomas Tyrrel, of Missouri, says he has effectually cured himself of an obstinate cancer, by the "free use of potash made from the ashes of red oak, boiled to the consistence of molasses; and, as a poultice covering the whole with a coat of tar." Two or three applications, he says, will remove all protuberances, after which it is only necessary to heal the wound with common salve."

Two colored servants at Baskeridge, N. J. died from eating toadstools for mushrooms.

Tobacco.—The entire crop of Virginia, Maryland & Kentucky and Ohio, for this year, is estimated at 115,000 hhds.

*Sir John Harvey*, immediately upon receiving intelligence of the attack upon Fort Fairfield on the night of the 8th ult. addressed a note to Governor Fairfield, assuring him that it was totally unauthorised and unexpected, and that no effort should be spared to arrest the ringleaders and bring them to justice.

*One of the Beauties of the Law.*—We yesterday recorded the death of Mr. Burnell, of Northampton, Mass. the second who died of the accident caused by the wreck of brakeman on the Camden and Amboy railroad. On opening him it was found that a bone was broken internally, in the region of the thighs. Surgical aid was desired, but the real nature of the case been known, would have been unavailing. The friends of Mr. Burnell, we are told, consulted the lawyers upon the subject of a legal remedy, but they are informed, it is so stated, that as Mr. B. died from the effects of a legal, there is no remedy, whereas if he had lived the remedy would be for damages. Thus you may kill a man and the law is silent, but if you maim him, look out.—*N. Y. Express.*

*Presentment as a Nuisance.*—The New Jersey railroad has been presented as a nuisance, by the grand jury of Bergen county, on account of the carelessness of the engineers, their failure to give due notice when crossing public highways, &c.

*The Count De Survilliers.*—Joseph Bonaparte left Baltimore on Tuesday morning, for his residence, Mount Breeze, near Bordentown. He has been upon a visit to his niece, Madame Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.

*The U. S. Post Office Department* gives employment, directly or indirectly, to 35,000 persons, including deputy postmasters, mail carriers of all ages, boys, mail stage drivers, &c.

*Spanish Minister.*—Don Angel Calderon de la Barca, the diplomatist representative of Spain, recently appointed to Mexico, was, on Friday last, received by the President of the United States, for the purpose of presenting his letter of recall and taking leave. His successor is Don Pedro de Alcantara Argaiz, who delivered his credentials at the same time.

At Sunderland, the Chartist barbers have resolved to refuse to shave all their townsmen who act as special constables.

A new Almshouse was about to be built in Limerick, Ireland, capable of containing 1600 paupers.

The Glasgow Chronicle of a late date says: "We regret to learn that within the last few days one of the largest cotton manufacturing houses in town have dismissed about 600 of their hand-loom weavers. In previous cases of dulness of trade this company only put their weavers on short time, so that it is likely the present dulness will continue for some time."

## ALMANAC.

| OCTOBER, 1839. | SUN RISES. | SUN SETS. | MOON RISES. | MOON'S PHASES. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 5 Saturday, | 6 15 | 5 43 | 9 9\| | |
| 6 Sunday, | 6 17 | 5 41 | 9 56 | |
| 7 Monday, | 6 18 | 5 42 | 10 38 | |
| 8 Tuesday, | 6 19 | 5 41 | 11 17 | |
| 9 Wednesday, | 6 21 | 5 39 | 5 54 | New 7 6 15 |
| 10 Thursday, | 6 22 | 5 38 | 3 44 | First 15 1 57 |
| 11 Friday, | 6 24 | 5 37 | 4 26 | Full 22 11 31 |
| 12 Saturday, | 6 25 | 5 35 | 5 22 | Last 29 2 50 |

## Philadelphia Post Office.

*Arrivals and Departure of Mails.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Eastern arrives 10½ A. M. | Eastern closes at | 3 P. M. |
| Southern, 2 to 5 P. M. | Southern closes at | 1 A. M. |
| Western, 2 & 7 P. M. | Western at 8 P. M. & 6 A. M. | |

## MARRIAGES.

On Thursday evening, 26th Sept. 1839, by the Rev. Mr. Dowdidge, DAVID KING, of Portsmouth, Ohio, to MARGARET JANE, eldest daughter of John Baird, of the Northern Liberties.

At Reading, on the 5th ult. by the Rev. C. A. Pauli, Mr. FREDERICK J. HAUCK, to MISS HANNAH KEPPLE, of Reading.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 26th ult. Mr. JOSHUA WOOLLEY, to MISS JANE HAGLAW.

By the same, on the same evening, Mr. JOHN MARTWIG, to MISS CATHARINE RIVERS.

At Friends' Meeting, Green street, on 5th day, 26th ult. WM. S. BROWN, to HULDAH PETTIT, daughter of Joseph Pettit, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, 25th ult. at St. Thomas's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, Mr. ALONZO H. CONSMAN, to MISS ELIZABETH A. JONES, eldest daughter of Isaac Jones, Esq. all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 24th ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. WM. J. BECK, to MISS EMMA M. FOXHILL, all of this city.

On Thursday evening at the Madison House, by I. Roach, Esq. Mayor, Mr. WALKER Y. BROWN, to HANNAH G. daughter of Homer Eachus, Esq. all of Delaware county.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 24th, at Burlington, N. J. by the Right Rev. Bishop Doane, H. R. WORTHINGTON, of N. York, to SARAH J. NEWBOLD, daughter of Capt. Newbold, U. S. Navy.

On the 26th ult. at Friends' Meeting, Haverford, WM. P. WALTER, of this city, to SARAH W. daughter of Joseph Rhoads, of Blockley.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John Buckley, SAMUEL YOUNG MONROE, to ELIZA, daughter of Jas. H. Cole, all of this city.

In Norwich city, Conn. on the 11th of Sept. by the Rev. Mr. Bond, Rev. LUTHER H. ALDRICH, of N. York, to ANNA LOUISA, young st daughter of the Hon. Joe Lanman, of Norwich.

On Thursday, 31st ult. by the Rev. Jas. T. Johnson, of Alexandria, D. C. WM. HERBERT NORRIS, of Alexand ia, to JULIET, daughter of the late William Rawle, Esq. of this city.

On Tuesday, 1st inst. by the Rev. John A. Clark, Jonas S. RICHARDS, Esq. of Reading, to MISS NANCY D. daughter of the late Joseph O. Breen, of this city.

At Gettysburg, on the 25th ult. the Rev. Benjamin Horwitz, Pastor of the German Reformed Church, in Beaver township, Union county, Pa. to MISS JULIA ANN, daughter of Mr. Adam Swope, of Gettysburg.

## DEATHS.

On the 2d of October, MISS ARMANELLA GROVER, aged 74 years.

On the 1st inst. in the 23d year of his age, JACOB S. WEAVER.

On Wednesday morning, 2d inst. after a short illness of seven days, JAS. D. BULLEY, for governess past a clerk in the employ of Messrs. Wilson, Jones & Co. of this city.

At Lancaster county, October 1st, after a short but severe illness, in the 23d year of his age, MAURICE HILMAN DIMMOND, son of the late Mathias Dimmond.

In Kingston, Mass. 28th ult. MRS MARY STURTEVANT, widow of Elijah Sturtevant, in her 91st year.—Her husband, Major ELKANAH COOK, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 90 years.

On Saturday last, CONRAD WILE, Esq. aged 71 years. Mr. Wile was well known in the city, as one who, by his integrity of character, maintained a respectable standing with his fellow citizens—among whom his quiet and conduct and urbane manners, endeared to him many friends. Many years since Mr. Wile held a respectable office in the county, the duties of which he discharged with scrupulous fidelity, and mingling the spirit of religion with all his conduct, he secured a respect during life, and we believe he has death to be mentioned with the regret due the memory of an honest man and a good citizen.

On the 15th ult. CHARLES PEACY, infant son of G. W. Coulston, aged 8 months and 22 days.

At Harrisburg, of the typhus fever, in the 24th year of his age, JOHN G. STEEL, Printer, late of this city, and for some time an active and persevering member of the Diligent Engine Company, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday morning, 27th ult. of hydro thorax, CHARLES TACK, in the 63d year of his age.

On Monday, on the 10th Sept. of the yellow fever, DAVID SWACCOT, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ult. MRS. ANN

Wednesday thus Spoke of Eddie,
What gives it all its Sweetness

From the Louisville Literary News Letter.

## THE GREEN MOSSY BANK WHERE THE BUTTERCUPS GREW.

BY ABIGAIL.

Oh my thoughts are away where my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy bank where the buttercups grew,
Where the bright silver fountain eternally played,
Rose laughing in sunshine, then sinking in shade.
There oft in my childhood I've wandered in joy,
Plunging up the cool drops in a shower of spray,
Till my mirth ceased not even all hushed in bright dew,
As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

How softly that green bank sloped down from the hill,
To the spot where the fountain gave coolness still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they bid a fond kiss yellow and dipt in the wave!
And then, each pale lily that dotted on the stream
Stood half hid with the waves as if scared by a dream,
While my home and the vine-leaves you peep out on my view,
As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

The beautiful things I have I wandered then untold,
Till they filled their delicate cups of gold.
Oh, never a spot since those days have I seen
With leaves of such fashion, and flowers of such sheen,
How glad was my spirit! for then there was naught
To harbour its wing, save even beautiful thought
Breathing up from its depths with such wild wont that blew
O'er the green mossy bank where the buttercups grew.

The paths I have trod I would quickly retrace
Could I wan back the gladness that looked from my face.
As I crooled my warm lip in that fountain I love
With a spirit as pure as the wing of a dove,
Could I wonder again where my forehead was star'd
With the beauty that dwelt in my bosom unscarr'd;
And, calm as a child, in the starlight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the buttercups grew.

An Insurrecent Parson.—One of our citizens went into a money broker's office yesterday and told him he wanted to raise some money on "good paper." After some Shylocking on the part of the broker, the rate of interest was agreed on, and the parties began talking about the security of payment. The borrower told the broker that he would give him satisfactory evidence that he would pay the money back after the war! But the broker told the would-be borrower that if he would make it the day after the day of judgment it might not all pertain before the period would be much difficult for him to collect the money. The borrower Mr. Shave told the man it was of little that he could not accomplish him.—*Pittsburg.*

Tree.—The New York Courier, in a sensible article headed "criticism," says:

"The extreme complacence of home surgery to all brother and sister surgeons, is perhaps the most prominent quantity of reciprocal flattery and plastering in existence, which it would not be amiss to check, though it may be difficult to put a stop to it altogether.

Good for you.—At one of our fashionable watering places, recently appeared a self important Englishman, who, having breakfasted at half-past nine, and dined at three o'clock, exclaimed, "Is it possible you dine at this early hour in the country? Why, I have not been used to dining till seven or eight o'clock in London."

"Our second bell! folks dine very late here also," was the reply of a Yankee present.

Going a Fishing.—A clergyman, of a country village, desired his clerk to give notice, there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to go off. The clerk, as soon as the sermon was ended, rose up with all due solemnity, and called out—"I am desired to give notice, that there will be no service in the afternoon, as Mr. L. is going a fishing with another clergyman."

Man.—Men are seven in their early years, quoting as their letter: social in youth, selfish in old age. In early life they believe all men honest, till they know them to be knaves; in late life they believe all to be knaves, till they know them to be honest. Then, sign how or other, men pass from one of these extremes to the other.

"Shan't I tell you to credit this editorial?" as the printer's devil said, on the editor handed him half a column printed copy, with instructions to have it "edited."

The Pennsylvania tells a story of a fellow who said he shouldn't care so much about being struck by lightning, if they didn't brag so the thunder before hand.

A late London journal tells a pretty good story of a doctor and another fellow, who placed himself under the care of a surgeon for the treatment of a sore leg. Among other remedies, a dose of physic was ordered, which the patient swallowed with a wry face, saying, sighing, "Sir, sir—no physic for me. These is the leg; that is your job, and do with it what you please; but then, (striking his stomach) this is mine; and no physic among them, I promise you."

An Odd Fish.—In the year 1493, in a fish pond in Shalby, a carp was caught, with a ring hung which had on it, on a ring of copper, with these words in Latin: "I am the first fish that was put into this pond, by the hands of Frederick the Second, Governor of the world, 5th day of April, 1230." So that this carp must have lived two hundred and eighty-seven years. We wonder, says an old writer, whether this memorable fish was doomed to end his days in a fry.

Temperance.—Old Peter Bacon, in his treatise on the Prolongation of Life, as it is called, chapter xxiv, says, "that wine and water cheers the heart," adding, innocently, "which I think is to be imputed to the wine, not the water. We think not." The fair sex complain it is the old, but not to the young, and at all times in moderation; for, he says, "if it be overmuch taxated it will do a great deal of harm." We have heard as much ourselves.

Asclepiades, the Persian, lacked upon a physician as quacks of his profession who should say he cured himself from diseases; and this nation, as we are gravely informed by John Henry Cohausen, a German physician, *he supported by his own example.* The proof doubtless, however, does not cause have long the Persian fond.

To affect any person is the most foolish thing to being off mind. Poisonous is not always the sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and unadvisedness the same. If ignorance be laid aside all occasions of offence. Well had you request it, and let it pass; the ill dead catch at it greedily, as bees are attracted from the mud and noised by the shine of flowers and shell.

American Ingenuity is stubbed the Law.—The very most ingenious of the Americans, after a law has been passed, is to find out how they can evade it.—This enormous their ingenuity; and it is very amusing to observe how clearly they sometimes manage it. At Baltimore in consequence of the prevalence of hydrophobia, the city authorities passed a law, that all dogs should be muzzled, or rather the terms were, "that all dogs should wear a muzzle," or the owner of a dog not wearing a muzzle should be brought up and fined; and the regulation further stated that any body convicted of having "removed the muzzle from off a dog should be severely fined." A man, therefore, put a muzzle to his dog's tail (the act not stating where the muzzle was to be placed.) One of the city officers, perceiving this dog with the muzzle at the wrong end, took possession of the dog and brought it to the town-hall. His master, being well known, was summoned, and appeared. He proved that he had complied with the act, in having a muzzle on the dog, and further the city officer having taken the muzzle off the dog's tail, he fainted that he should be fined five dollars for so doing.

## THE DANDY.

Gone me a dandyism of gal,
A pan of cane rood, spit with a broad axe,
A sieve of paper hood as Congress Hall,
And eighteen nerves as tough as cobbler's wax;
Let me be neat, and proper and mighty glad,
Minimize me with dose to make me mad.

Cuddle my collar with the forms of beauty,
Then let me wear how much I hate a dandy.

Ye mincing, squinting, smoke-faced, pretty things,
With corsets lac'd as tight as fiddle strings,
Cock'd as a toad, and supple as a cat—
About the Water D'sharp, the Pave B flat;—
Ye cringing supercilious knee slaves,
Ye self complacent, brainless, heartless knaves;
Ye lizard-looking apes with cat fish gills,
Ye scoundrels, go and my your Tailor's Bills.

Punchin Vine.

The Dame Market.—The following witty review of the dame market is from a New Orleans paper.

Have our ladies been high, and consequently made bad weather. Sales are low, and a still further falling of is in some instances observable. Beaus are brightening up. Vests, some damned not them yesterday, but a little more marked. Paste are light. Coats easy, and the demand for a light article good. Stockings are down, and are considered a legitimate article for speculation. With those who deal in stocks it is work not ordinary arts, however, a shade lower since the commencement of hot weather. Gloves being a delicate prize, although the mouth on hands is limited. Pendent ear drops are in demand, and brisking up in money, expending, and becoming tight around the lobes of several that went off yesterday at no price at all, although the cannot be considered a fair quotation. Watches—no obtaining cash for them—they go notwithstanding, on tick. Canes—holders stick out for high prices. Walking sticks extraordinarily subject to a stand. Fingers rising, taking them all round, are without change. Breastpins are in demand, and go before shirts, dickies and other more necessary articles of wants. Watch guards are considered a sale to negotiate.

The following furnishes a tolerably strong argument for the settlement of the great question as to which side the gentlemen should take in riding with a lady. Cincinnati and the American people of the road, in to promise, claim, it is stated that the ones should take the left:

*From the Cincinnati Daily Gazette.*

## RIDING WITH LADIES.

It is customary for gentlemen in the city, when riding with ladies, to take the right side of them. This custom, though fashionable is not proper. The following remarks on this subject are contained in a note prefixed to the American translation of a French work on the Art of Horsemanship, St. Lubomirski:

"When a gentleman accompanies a lady on horseback he should take the left side of her horse. The reasons of adopting this right side of the lady are, first, Ecclesiastic rules of etiquette. The lady, if mounted, should be on the right hand of the rider, or, if she be on foot, she should be on the right hand of the man. If he walks, to prevent the lady from his sword, he should take the left side. If he rides, he should take the right side of the lady. If he walks, the lady should take the left side of the lady's horse. It seems to be best adapted to afford sufficient room for the lady, when the right hand of the gentleman is entirely free, and may be used to save the horse, or rescue the lady from danger. The man, on the side, and her is dismounting her from the horse, and the lady, in dismounting her from the horse, and lifting her off her seat, without exposing to the spectators which might occur to him if he attempted to give her assistance on the left side. It is not so easy to afford assistance to the lady with the left hand, for it is so easy for the rider to command his own horse with the right hand.

"The only objection to this mode of riding that we think of, is, that the lady would be exposed to the chance of the gentleman's horse opposed her; but on the other hand, she is never exposed to be struck by a gentleman, and to every thing else, to which there seem to be said in favor of the gentleman's taking the left side, which, in that he would then have the lady between him and the danger of her hat being, which consideration, we think, will be quite sound, to settle the question back with the gentlemen and ladies, and make the horse in the right side hitch the lady."

How we never re.—A military man "Down East" happening he could be elected to a Deanship (I he would decline it to a constitution, called upon a neighbor, who had lately served in that capacity, to inquire certain if the office was one of pecuniary profit. He told the inquirer that he had received "the last year, the sum of two hundred dollars, in cash, and several few hundred dollars, in the shape of presents, and the rent of a house, which the corporation provided for the dean." "Well, said the military, "if that is the case, I shall be satisfied, and will do my duty." "Stop, said the neighbor, and I will tell you the rest. I have served in that capacity, in the way of "temporary supply," and "general ministry," taking his office to be a heavy lot of expense, instead of a source of profit, he called on his old friend again for information as to how he had served five hundred dollars annually by the name of dean. "Why," replied the old captain, "I was worth just one thousand dollars when I was elected; I sold the office five years, and lost five hundred by it; and I resigned and saved the other five hundred."—*Baltimore Sun.*

## THE USE OF FUEL.

Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, in a letter which is published in an Albany paper, says:—

"I think that in the estimates given us of the heating powers of different kinds of fuel, sufficient regard has not been given to the value of the ashes. A bushel of Wood that affords a great amount of these in burning may be very economical in cases where the flame is available, as dry element in the heating of an oven, but very little valuable when it is to be used in a stove, or when burnt in a fireplace. Flame is mere motion, a surface upon which it plays, but radiance very little more.

In regard also to the degree of economy which ought to be given to wood, much will depend on the use that is to be made of it. While in cases where the water is required to be heated to a great loss of heat, yet when the water itself is dissipated, it adds greatly to the economy of the fire. I have burned billets of green wood along with anthracite coal in a stove and found it economical. When the coal is a full state of ignition I throw in as large a billet of green oak or hickory as the stove will admit, and put up all doors. The wood is charred and burnt up in a few minutes with the greatest heat, and the green wood makes an extremely hot and durable fire. A small billet, five or six inches in diameter, will then last from half an hour to an hour, and afford a considerable amount of heat. By the decomposition of the water vapor, the stove is filled with hydrogen gas, which combines in contact with the extensive surface of charred and ashes, and thus adds a very considerable amount of heat into the room. This is a mode of using wood along with coal which may be made extremely economical. I have found it very useful in cases where wood is cheap and coal dear. The finer varieties of coal, as the nut coal, are best suited for this purpose. With one ton of nut coal and something more than a cord of green white oak, seven miles hilly, I support the stove in my family room through the season."

From an Irish Magazine.

## THE OCEAN.

Likeness of Heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim,
Shipwrecks thy dower;
Spoon of joy is
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners
Are buried in thee.

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down
In the deep water shines?
The proud navies that cover
The conquering west—
Those things them to death
With one heave of thy breast.

From the high hills that view
Thy wreck-making shark,
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar;
When like bombs in the tempest,
Or mews in the blast
Over thy ridge broken billows
The canvass is cast.

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul
To look on thy greatness
And bar to its roll;
To think how that heart
In mild sabbat shall be,
While the voice of eternity
Rose from thee!

Yes! where are the cities
Of Tadmor and of Tyre!
Swept from the earth
Like sparks from the fire!
The glory of Athens,
The splendor of Rome,
Dissolved—and forever—
Like dew in thy foam.

But thou art almighty,
Eternal—sublime—
Unexhausted—unwasted—
Thou brother of Time!
Floats, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when the surges
No longer shall roll,
And the dead in thy depths
Is drawn back like a scroll;
Then—then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty—more lasting,
More chainless than thou.

## SQUEEZING A LARGE INDIAN INTO A SMALL SHIRT.

Mr. Murray, in his narrative of his travels in this country, has some very amusing passages; particularly those in relation to his experiences among the Pawnees. He was accompanied by a Pawnee Indian, who he was about to leave he was advised, by the chief in whose wigwam he had dwelt, to expose his goods for sale, and then notify the jockies of the village that he was ready to trade. The plan worked admirably, and, among those who came to dicker, was an old fellow, with wide-eye Highlander bad spent enough for dress, over a wooden shirt, the most gaudy! for his previous vestment. The following is his graphic description of the scene:

Soon after this, while I was still sitting near my packs of goods, a Pawnee Indian in Mountain Dress, an elderly chief approached, and signified his wish to trade. Our squaws placed some more before him, for which I gave him the pipe; and in the meantime had dressed my servant to search my saddle-bags, and add to the lump of saleable articles every thing of every kind beyond what was absolutely necessary for my covering on my march. A green shirt, handkerchief, and a waistcoat, were thus drafted; and, among other things, was a kind of elastic flannel waistcoat, made for wearing next to the skin, and to be drawn over the head, as it was without buttons or any opening in front. It was too small for me, and altogether so tight and uncomfortable, although elastic, that I had determined to part with it. To this last article my new customer took a great fancy; and he made me exercise to him the method of putting it on, and the warmth and comfort of it when on. He remarked, that he was a very lofty person, and probably weighing sixteen stone; I knew him to be very good natured, as I had hunted once with his son; and, on measuring to his lodge, the latter had begged me, chief's son, to be good to his father, and taught me the most extraordinary Indian method of communication. He said he should like to try on the jacket; and as he stood on the middle of his large skin lodge, it could scarcely keep my gravity, when I compared their dimensions with the garment into which we were about to attempt to introduce it. However, by dint of very considerable exertion, we succeeded in getting it. In the body it was a foot too short, and fitted him so close that every thread was stretched to the utmost; the sleeves ended a very little way below his elbow. However, he looked upon his arms and person with great complacency, and elicited many smiles from the squaws at the drollery of his attire; but as the weather was very hot, he soon begins to find himself too warm and confined, and he wished to take it off again. He moved his arms—he pulled the sleeves—he twisted and turned himself in every direction, but in vain. The woollen jacket was an admirable illustration of the Inferno of Dante and Virgil, and of metamorphosis, as described by many poets—it was easy enough to get into it, and remained gradual by different matter indeed. The old man exerted himself all the drops of perspiration fell from his forehead; but I had not been there he must either have made some persons cut it up, or have sat in it till the minute. Yet some time I enjoyed this scene with malicious and demure gravity, and then I showed him that he must try and pull it off over his head. A lad who stood by then drew it till it enveloped his nose, eyes, mouth, and ears; his arms raised above his head and for some minutes he remained in that melancholy plight, blinded, choked, and smothered, with his hands rendered useless for his time. He rolled about, groaning, and we laughed, until all around were convulsed with laughter; and our squaws shrieked in their unpronounceable mirth in a manner that I had never before witnessed. At length I slit a piece of the edge, and released the old fellow from his strait-waistcoat enlargement; he turned it round other in his hands, and made a kind of comic grave address to it, of which I could only gather a few words. I believe the import of them was, that it would be a "good creature in the lodge of the village." I was so pleased with his good humor, that I gave it to him, and told him to mention his name in the lodge.

## A LONE WIDOW.

The last number of the Knickerbocker contains a story, under the head of "Sketches-century," of a man, whose tongue was so amazing, in a stage-coach; that the passengers were actually obliged to close our mouth lest, "a lone widow from New Hampshire." The listening in the cream of the story:

We had travelled about a mile, and the easy motion of the coach had just begun to put me and my fellow travellers into a pleasant sleep, when a shrill voice exclaiming, "Stop! stop!" caused the driver to rein up, which vocated, the from the delightful state of incipient somnolency into which I was sinking. It was an elderly lady, "a lone widow from New Hampshire," driver of Cook, and a little girl. We were of course detained, and the satisfaction of saying a single ill-natured word. The driver dismounted from his box, and helped down the lady's baggage, proceeded to assist her to some herself away in the coach. "Driver," said the lady, "do you know Deacon Hitchcock?" "No, ma'am," replied the driver, "I have only driv this road about a fortnight." "I wonder if either of them gentlemen know him?" she said, putting her head in the coach. "I don't, said the honest, "but I know Deacon Hitchcock, if that will answer your purpose." "Don't neither of them other gentlemen know him?" she enquired. I shook my head negatively; for I was afraid to speak, lest I should drop the slumber that drowsy had begun to shed over me; and the invalid shook his head, as he was unable to speak. "Well, then, I don't know whether to get in or not," said the lady; "for I must see Deacon Hitchcock before I go home. I am a lone widow lady, all the way from the State of New Hampshire; and the deacon was a very particular friend of my husband's this little girl's father, who has been dead two long years; and I should like to see him 'mazin'ly." "Does he live about here?" asked the driver. "Well, don't know for certain," said the lady; "but he lives somewhere in Connecticut. This is the first time I was ever so far from home; I live in State of New Hampshire, and it is dreadful unpleasant; I feel a little dubious about riding all alone in a stage with gentlemen that I never seen before in all my life." "There's no danger, ma'am," said the driver, "the gentlemen won't hurt you." "Well, perhaps they won't; but it is very unpleasant for a lady to be so far from home; I live in the State of New Hampshire; and this little girl—" "You had better get in, ma'am," said the driver, with praiseworthy moderation. "Well, I don't know what I may as well," she replied; and after informing the driver once more that she was from the State of New Hampshire, and that her husband had been dead two years, she got in, and took her seat. "I will take your fare, ma'am," said the driver. "How much is it, Sir," said the lady, "for such as me?" "Six shillings for yourself and the little girl." "Well, that is a monstrous sight of money for a little girl's passage, like that little fellow; I reckon I can carry her for one half fare, and I was never so far from home before in all my life. I live in the State of New Hampshire. It is very unpleasant for a lady; but I dare say neither of them gentlemen will see the unusual case, and I will take your fare, if you please, ma'am," again said the driver, in a tone bordering somewhat on impatience. "How much did you say it was?—three-and-sixpence?" asked the lady. "Four-and-sixpence, if you please ma'am," said the driver. "O, four-and-sixpence?" and after a good deal of fumbling and shaking out her purse, she at last produced a half-a-crown and a York shilling, and put them into the driver's hand. "This is not enough, ma'am," said the driver, "I want nine-pence more." "What! and we in York State?" cried the lady, in a tone of pity. "No, ma'am," replied the driver, "it is six shillings, York money." "Well," said the lady, "I need to be quite good at arithmetic, like a lone widow in New Hampshire; I've reckoned many a fine State of New Hampshire, and I've reckoned many a fine State of New Hampshire; I've reckoned many a fine State of New Hampshire; I've reckoned many a fine State of New Hampshire;